

THE CONNOISSEUR.

No. 11. VOL. II.]

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1846.

[PRICE 1s.

ON FORM IN COMPOSITION.

THE author of a volume,* from which we inserted some extracts in our last number, under the head "Observations on Imitation, especially Sculpture," has indicated desire to obtain the trace of something approaching to primordial motive in relationship with the theory of art. Although he has not strictly confined himself to the consideration of that quality which his title would lead us to expect—form or contour, we shall, on the present occasion, direct our inquiry to that portion only; as being, in itself, amply sufficient to occupy very much more space than a periodical can at once appropriate to one subject.

After quoting Juvenal's "*nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*"—the "felt but undefined"—as seeming, "at first, the only account to be given of the pleasure enjoyed in the contemplation of works of art;" the writer objects to such an explanation being esteemed as sufficient. We honour him for his objection. But when, dissatisfied with this undefined definition, he would substitute another, equally bare of defined meaning as the first, we find that he has but shifted situation in the orbit of which truth is the centre, without, at the same time, at all contracting its diameter. He thinks there should be definition, and has a glimmering of idea that mere poetical generality cannot satisfactorily elucidate the theory of sensation; that there is a cause for the pleasure received;—that there exists a principle that governs such impressions on our mentality: but what is the principle he produces?

"A little consideration," says he "shows it (the sensation) to be analogous to the pleasure derived from a simile!"

We have not space for disputing the correctness of the analogy; but we ask how the principle that regulates the effect of the contemplation of works of art upon the mind can be accounted for by comparing it with another effect produced on the mind by a simile? Suppose, in an endeavour to account for the effect produced on the mind by a simile, it were referred to analogy with that produced by works of art, would the principles governing the effect of either become a whit more comprehensible? We think not. Each would still, as before, need definition. But the author attempts to define the effect of a simile; or rather, refers to Dr. Johnson for a definition; who asserts it to be "The discovery of a likeness between two actions, in their general natures dissimilar; or of causes terminating, by different operations, in some resemblance of effect:" and the writer continues, "so, under the hands of a sculptor, a block of marble, every way unlike the living subject, becomes an enchanting object of intellectual contemplation: this being effected by the influence of form alone. For in sculpture the effects of light and shade and perspective ARE IMPOSSIBLE; and

any attempt at closer approach to reality by coloring;—any mistaken substitution of deception for imitation, must defeat its own purpose, and tend to surprise without pleasing the spectator.

There is an operation of arithmetic, in which the sought quantity is obtained by assuming another as true; and so discovering the difference by the amount of resulting error. The "Observations" we have referred to can only be useful in such a process; for, assuming every definition therein stated to be correct, the discovery of the principle regulating the pleasure received from the contemplation of works of art is not approached by any. The author commenced with the intention of seeking principle, but has lost himself in the search.

There would be some value in the registry of these "Observations," as affording indication of the mode in which amateur judgment is influenced, if we could depend on them for any thing beyond mere pen and ink suggested ingenuity, or as rather a specimen of the manner of writing than of thinking on the subject.—What is meant by "light, shade, and perspective, being impossible to the sculptor," we find difficult to understand. It is either a monstrous truism or a misconception. No round figure can be divested of these qualities for good or evil; and, if the writer supposes their effects are entirely left to chance, and not to be taken into account by the artist in his composition, he is very much in error. The assumption that the fitness possessed by marble for the sculptor's purpose consists in its unfitness, or, as he states it, "its being most unlike the living subject:" and that the artist himself is, from such cause, assisted, is also a mistake; for any substance, adding to the presented advantages of marble a new facility that might lessen labour or assist endurance, would, at once, become its substitute. But the writer's supposition is unphilosophical, from the fact of stone possessing quite as much in common with the living subject as any other substance that exists: the particular advantages of marble being the combination of unity of colour, closeness of texture and durability.

Our author condemns the attempt at a closer approach to reality in sculpture by the addition of colour, as substituting deception for imitation. For ourselves, we are quite sure that, were ideality and truth, in the representation of a beautiful female figure, as attainable and durable in colour as it is in form, such a variety of sculptured art would set at nought the fanciful distinction, our author has supposed. But such a consummation is impossible; and

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds them.

The ever-varying carnations of the skin and liquid moisture of the eye are results no sculptor in his senses would attempt to imitate.

The assertion that "the qualities of loftiness and abstraction in form and character exclude expression from the countenance of a statue is a fancy the writer has obtained from looking with

* Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, by Robert Snow, Esq., Pickering.

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blind veneration upon celebrated works of art in which that attribute was wanting. The group of The Wrestlers, in the Florence Gallery, in which the features of the countenances are calm whilst the limbs and bodies are in violent action, is represented as upholding this opinion; thus pointing to a deficiency in a production as a canon or precept to regulate all after it. Is there not expression in the Apollo Belvidera, in the Laocöon and in the Niobe? As for Canova's Gladiators, that expression, which, from having its prototype among bad actors, has been called theatrical, is as offensive to correct judgment in any other production as in sculpture: but there is, in extreme muscular action, an accompanying effort of the countenance, the absence of which in The Wrestlers, is rather a warning than an example. That when witnessing first-rate stage dancing we do not think of enquiring whether the performer's face is beautiful or not may be quite true in the gallery of the Opera House, but seated in the stalls the face receives its full share of our attention.

We will now close our reference to these "Observations" by quoting a passage eminent for that looseness of meaning in which writers on art are usually content to notify to the world the mistiness that to them confuses all simplicity of perception.

"Sculpture is pre-eminently distinguished by its purely abstract quality—its ideality—its admitting of but one style, or, rather admitting of none—its holding the letter in entire subjection to the spirit of the subject—its rejection of realities for the expression of essential verities." And, a little farther—"such is the all sufficient *poetry* of form!" No sooner does literary cleverness loose its footing than it shouts out *POETRY*; inflates with set phrase an emptiness of meaning, that dazzles the superficial, and eludes, by absence of solidity or steadiness of foundation, the denouncement of those on whom their eloquence is innocuous. Is it possible to invent a paragraph containing less of agreed meaning than that we have extracted. We will not assert the writer had no intention when he penned the passage; but we do insist, that no two other individuals could agree in a translation of these words having simplicity of intimation for its purpose.

We have dwelled at greater length upon these "Observations" from a conviction that nothing could more assist towards the advancement of art than a sufficient acquaintance with the peculiar impression that is conveyed to the uneducated mind by its contemplation. By uneducated we must not be understood to mean unlettered; the highest university honours having been obtained by those to whom art is an unopened volume; and fitness for estimating amount of excellence in the creation of the sculptor or the painter being as little the consequence of classic acquirements, as of deer stalking, or of fly fishing—perhaps less. Still are the laws which govern untaught sensation a desideratum in metaphysics; it being an indisputable truth that there is a principle inherent in artistic productions that strikes a chord, with more or less of effect, existing, in a variety of degree, in all humanity:—that there is a natural appreciation of certain qualities, innate in minds unadulterated by erudition, that escapes the perception of many who judge by received rules; and that, when saying such a production suits the million, we make latent allusion to this principle. From this conviction, we have never observed marked popularity attendant on publications, condemned or alighted by those who were authorities, without desire to trace out the cause of such success. Conventionality may be the result of agreed error; but, a generally acknowledged effect, produced on individuals who do not compare opinions, nor pretend at defence or accountability for their sensations, must be attributable to relationship with

natural perceptions; and success in developing its indications would lead us to discovery of the principles by which they are regulated.

As the quality we have now under examination is form merely, we will suppose a statue; and assuming for the nonce, certain components needful for respectability as a work of art, deal with them *seriatim*; throwing aside all those which require teaching to know, until we arrive at some one, whose presence average natural sensation has been found sufficient to confess.

We will enumerate the following:—

Truth of action, as conveying the sentiment required by the story.

Character of form, as regards elevation, beauty, and fitness.

Proportion, in relationship with lengths of parts.

Anatomical exactness or sufficiency.

General arrangement or composition.

Commencing with "truth of action, as conveying the sentiment required by the story," it will at once be accorded that a statue may be examined with satisfaction by one unacquainted with the act it illustrates; indeed, many statues enjoy high reputation, in which the intention of the artist is still a matter of dispute; consequently, no part of the enjoyment derived from their contemplation can be attributable to success in that particular. It may be asserted that the mind is always ready to forge a character and story in accordance with the impression received, and immediately on its reception. It is not necessary to dispute this, as the story invented must be subsequent to the impression received. The sensation is excited in the first instance, and, at the time of such excitement, unaided by comparison of the sentiment intended with the thing done.

"Character of form, as regards elevation, beauty and fitness," or approach to consummation of that vast difficulty of amalgamating imagination with reality, is, probably, of all the qualities of high art, that for which the eye itself requires most peculiar and direct tuition to become a knower. There is so much, appearing at first glance conventional, in this quality, that the superficial inquirer is in agreement with satisfied ignorance to refuse anything beyond mere opinion to its principles; and each is quite prepared to set up his own inequality with all the others. As it is impossible to demonstrate a mathematical theorem to one who has not mastered the previous propositions, conviction, to acknowledgment of error, of such pretenders, would include their education. Their opinions may, however be shown to contain as much of conventionality as those against which they are in rebellion; with the added disadvantage, of their having been assumed on the responsibility of individual prejudice, after less of preparation and opportunity for inductive observance. In this quality, knowledge of anatomy is small assistance to the perception; high character of form often presenting itself unaccompanied by strict correctness of detail. We need scarce refer to the works of Fuseli for evidence in support of this assertion; all we would impress upon our reader is, that as it requires previous study in the individual to perceive and acknowledge the presence of high character of form in a work of art, that cannot, therefore, be the quality that attracts the ignorant. Its principles are, to the erudite in art, in some sort known already; but are not those self-evident to the natural unsophisticated perception whose motive for approval is the subject of our inquiry.

It will also be conceded that proportion as to length, is another quality not connected with this examination. If it is affirmed that proportion is itself an essential of character, we are not prepared entirely to insist on the contrary; though high character of form may have existence in combination with diver-

sity of proportions; and the highest quality of detail in parts may accompany forms, of which proportions as to length is their meanest quality; as too often noticeable in the works of Etty. But whether proportion and character are or are not identical, it cannot be assumed with foundation that the mind needs no preparation for measuring the degree in which a production is enriched by the presence of either; we are consequently permitted to pass them both, as not containing the principles of which we are engaged to attempt the discovery.

We need not hesitate at "anatomical detail," but may insist upon the fact that there are few among mankind generally who have any acquaintance whatever on the subject. It is a knowledge unacquirable but by peculiar and direct study; and is almost the only study, never undertaken for mere amusement; its pursuit being so repulsive to the amiable prejudices of humanity as to prevent sufficiency of acquirement even in those to whom it is a necessity. It is not unfrequent to observe in men celebrated for anatomic knowledge an instinctive tenacity for gold that renders them scarce trustworthy in pecuniary transactions. Nothing less than this exceeding desire would have enabled them to throw aside the decencies of existence so incompatible with the necessary brutality of disgusting process to which they are devoted. The consequence of these objections to the study is, that artists are but superficial knowers of anatomy; and few other men, not surgical, have any positive means of estimating its correctness in a picture; while to the mass of mankind it will remain for ever a mystery. Excellence as regards anatomy is not, therefore, the quality in a work of art which fascinates the million.

The last upon our list, and we have placed it last, that it might remain after the rest had been disposed of, must, if the principle we speak of exist at all, be the department in which our search can hope to be successful. It may be asked by some of our readers, "is there a quality of form that can exist in the sculptured representation of a human figure in which truth of action, character, proportion, and anatomical detail have no part?" We are not entirely prepared to reply there is: for this quality must have to do with all those with which it is, for the time, in fusion; but we are prepared to assert, that there is a quality in form with which meaning has nothing to do; and which conveys impressions to the mind for which no term having understood, and generally approved acceptance has yet been invented. This quality of form, being that which attracts the million, and which, having diminished consequence in the perception of the educated, loses value proportional with the amount of their acquired knowledge of the principles on which the other departments of excellence are measured. The uneducated observer, satisfied with sufficiency in this one quality, has full enjoyment of a pleased sensation, and enquires no further. The enjoyment is not alloyed by disappointed sensations connected with other imperfections. It is the only quality of which his judgment has a capacity for taking account. He does not attempt to reason; but feels a sensation of fulfilment, and is content. The educated spectator, perceiving more by precept, and having been habituated to demand reasons for his sensations: education itself being but acquirement of discovered laws, and, in some sort, an adaptation and subjecting of the mind to familiarized authoritative dictum, looks upon such work with wider view; and one all perfect quality is not sufficient, with deficiency of others, to give him enjoyment. There are, with him, more desires to be satisfied; and he is, probably, more likely to dwell on those adjuncts for which his rules of judging are more complete; of whose fulfilment he can produce most decided proofs; and whose deficiency he can

most unanswerably demonstrate. We do not say the mind of the connoisseur is irresponsive to this quality, but that it is to him but one in many; and, consequently, has not, relatively, the same importance as when it is the sole element of whose degree of presence mere natural perception has a consciousness. A work of art may be supposed eminent in all the other qualities obtainable by study, yet failing in this one. Such a production might meet high favour with the learned; and be pronounced, by all acknowledged rules in art, almost perfection; and yet remain irresponsive and unattractive to the sensation of those whose course of study has not prepared them for becoming cognizant of such excellence. This quality is perceived but as a whole; distract the mind by attention to its parts, and the impression fails in distinctness, these natural emotions being unconnected with minutiae. It cannot fail in parts; for it is the agreeableness of its parts that makes its excellence as a whole. Thus a work of art, having that whose principles we would discover, would, on being observed from such a distance that its other properties could not be exactly defined, attract equally the ignorant and the learned in art; and both would approach towards a closer examination. The educated judge would gradually detect its incompleteness in other qualities, until that one by which he was first excited to examine, would, as far as he was concerned, cease to exist; while all its attraction would remain intact to those incapable of estimating its other deficiencies. This is the stumbling block of art. This quality, that attracts the million, may exist almost alone; it may also exist accompanied, in a high degree, by all the others. It is then the element that endows the master piece with universal acknowledgment. The highest excellence may be in all the rest when this one fails. It is then a work of art for the learned only; and those among them, and there are many, whose whole perception has been obtained from rule alone, will never know its absence. The million, who do not give a reason for their sensations, and know no rules for their direction, are not attracted. The ingredient they seek is not there and they are blind to all the rest.

This judgment, founded on natural sensation, and usually fading beneath the influence of scholastic rule, has not restricted its influence to form alone; it has also to do with colour and *chiaro oscuro*; it domineers over melody and harmony in sounds, connects itself with literary composition, oratory and the drama, and is an element in every branch of that large family of production which addresses itself to provide enjoyment and recreation for the intervals from labour. This is, therefore, an enquiry worth all our energies: the success in defining the principles on which it is founded in one department having, by analogy, much to do with its discovery in all the rest.

In submitting the inferences we have drawn from our own observations on this principle, we shall be satisfied if successful in arousing minds more competent for the tasks of discovery to the conviction that such principle does exist; that its existence should be acknowledged, and its modes of action be considered worthy of elucidation; and that, in judging a work of art, the more or less of success in that particular should be referred to in words having understood appreciable meaning, among which such phrases as *aesthetic quality*, *soul of form*, and *poetry of feeling*, shall be considered as an acknowledgment of confusion of idea in the writer; for sensations that have completeness in the mind will at all times suggest endeavour at exactness of description.

Let us not be supposed arrogating to ourselves the discovery of this element in agreeableness of effect; there are few artists who have not more than a suspicion of its existence; and many have been the attempts to gather from existing works the mate-

rials of reproduction. In painting it is referred to by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who recommends the inductive process, by observations to be made on those who had reduced to a system what was by others practised without fixed principle; and, consequently, occasionally neglected. How did he avail himself of these principles? When he observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in a picture, he took a leaf from his pocket book and darkened every part of it in the same gradations of light and shade as the picture: without any attention to the subject, or the drawing of the figure. After a few experiments, he found the papers blotted nearly alike; and that, when held at a distance from the eye, their effects struck the spectator as something excellent for the disposition of light and shade, though unable to distinguish whether it was history, portraits, landscapes, dead game, or anything else. Sir Joshua refers to these examples as objects for imitation; but makes no mention of principle; not even hinting at an attempt towards development of the system upon which their success was founded. He does indeed estimate the separate amounts as follows: shadow, one-fourth; light, one-fourth; and demi-tint, the rest. We much doubt the accuracy of the estimate, not believing in an equality between any two of them. If any modern were capable of expounding this system Sir Joshua Reynolds could have done it; no other having been so successful in its application. The picture of Hercules strangling the Serpents is remarkable for eminence in this quality: for whether it is seen having the head upwards, downwards, or sideways, the effect of light and shade, is equally pleasing to the eye; of course, without reference to any other excellence. Although, in his enquiry, the amounts of half-tint and deep shadows were nearly alike in all, he observed great variety in the forms or shapes of light. The principles connected with the infinite invention of these forms, so grateful to the vision, unconnected with the character or intention of the composition, are those of which we would suggest the means of tracing; the immediate impression on the mind from the arrangement of parts in sculpture being identical with that of the form of *chiaro oscuro* in a picture.

We do not estimate so lightly the obstacles to be encountered in this endeavour, that we would advise restraints upon invention under dictation of irresponsible and untried theory. The principle when discovered and applied professes nothing beyond avoidance of objection. Literary dullness may accompany exact attention to grammatic propriety; and the immaculate avoidance of erroneous principles is insufficient to ensure eminence to an artist. Were the true agreed principles of art universally acknowledged, their application would still be proportional with the mental resources and physical appliances of those who used them. All that can be promised on this discovery is, that experiment shall be registered, and failure attributed to its cause; placing the fine arts on some equality with what are called the certain sciences, that knowledge in them once obtained may become the world's property.

There is no craving of the mind more insatiable, no sensation more greedy of excitement than the desire of novelty; and no quality more immediately acknowledged than variety. No matter to what branch of effort the subject may pertain, a certain interval of succession in production, a certain amount of newness in the thing considered, insures a more instantaneous success in exciting agreeable sensation, than any other ingredient it may be shown to possess. To this may be referred the phenomena of so much ephemeral celebrity among authors, musicians, and artists, incomprehensible to succeeding generations. Their fortuitous novelty, unaccompanied by more acknowledged titles, on our approval, have but been sugges-

tions to contemporaries capable of combining that, their single possession, with others more permanent in their claim upon futurity; and their quality of newness has been extracted without the substitution of singularity. Depreciation in this quality is even effected by inferior works on those of standard merit. The very clumsiness of the imitation exposes system, anticipates surprise, and degrades originality to commonplace. Few are the productions of man that will entirely survive this ordeal, which, all that obtain sufficient amount of public attention, must surely undergo. Thus is the discoverer of fresh channels for thought, confounded among the crowd of his most servile copyers. Who now reads Junius with astonishment, or the novels of Scott with the enjoyment awakened in his admirers at their first publication. How well triumphant survival marks distinction between cleverness and genius; between general adaptability and extreme fitness. In the divine creation of Shakespeare each succeeding age discovers some new motive for its wonder.

While attributing to variety alone, this power of exciting the attention agreeably, we are not assuming mere singularity to be sufficient for the purpose. If it were, a compilation of monstrosity would be enough to aim at; and that which was most unlike that which preceded it might count upon immediate favour; but this is not our meaning. As in musical progression, change of key must be by modulation; so must succession be adapted to its period, and in harmony with surrounding circumstances. Mediocrity of talent, lending itself more completely to suggestive outward influence, and less controlled from the severity of thought within, is, as a consequence, in more direct connection with contemporary estimation; while he of giant intellect, listening to no other monitor than himself, and creating his own accessories, is always in advance of the comprehension of his time, and has his station among the great to come. The leap of thought necessary to pass at once the chasm between the customary notion and his own, demands too much of effort to be popular. The interval is too vast; the change too abrupt; and ordinary men must climb by slow degrees to that point at which his powers of flight have placed him. Thus is the public more satisfied by the works of those whose judgment or attainment is but little above the average; and who from having similarity of appreciation, keep gently a-head, and do not neglect the quality generally required in an endeavour to give prominence to others, the more demanding, but less numerous class would exact from them. Thus have the most popular publications in art of the age gone by, become an enigma to ourselves, while those most encouraged by our contemporaries will become our sure reproach at a succeeding period. This melody of succession, without being entirely what we look for, is of the same family; variety is the essence of both; and the laws that distinguish variety from abruptness; that provide infinity of contour, without awaking suspicion of singularity; that please by intention, without obtrusion of systematic arrangement, are we believe the true principles that control its employment.

The whole system of musical composition is directed to the attainment of variety without abruptness; and we believe the painter of Italy possessed of old peculiarity of advantage arising from continually recurring analogies presenting themselves in the two arts to those who practised both. We do not claim for our opinions any estimation beyond reminder of suspicion of a means; but we incur no risk in insisting on the advantage of some new acknowledged principle for testing an artist's conception before his work has been so far advanced that re-construction is impracticable.

It is a singular fact that the theory of musical sound, the vibration of which has ceased to be almost as soon as heard, is more completely understood than that of colour or form, each of which may be subjected to continued examination for a lifetime. The Chromatic Scale, owing its denomination to acknowledged analogy with the principles of colour, and consisting of thirteen sounds, having nearly equality of interval, or amount of difference in progression from grave to acute, between each, contains the entire resource of musical variety as to tone. The intervals between these sounds, called half-tones, are so nearly equal, that on some instruments they are assumed to be so exactly; the sharp of one note being identical with the flat of the succeeding, or with the succeeding note itself.

Thus, on the piano-forte the Chromatic Scale would be as follows:—

C	C \sharp	D	D \sharp	E	F	F \sharp	G	G \sharp	A	A \sharp	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13

the thirteenth note being a repetition of the first, an octave more acute.

Equality of interval between these sounds producing a certain unpleasantness to the ear from monotony, or insufficient relief from variety, another scale of eight notes, founded on irregularity of progression, as affording variety of interval, has been selected; in which monotony is broken up by the irregular admixture of whole and half-tones. This is the Diatonic Scale, which is, in itself, a simple melody; it is confined to eight sounds, is called a key, and is distinguished by the note on which its ascending scale commences. The key of C natural is selected from the chromatic scale as follows:—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

being, 1 3 5 6 8 10 12 13 of the scale of half-tones and having the half-tone interval between its third and fourth, and seventh an eighth note; while the double, or whole tone interval, containing two of those in the Chromatic Scale, is the measure of the rest. To make the system plainer, we will take another scale, D. Here we have

D	E	F \sharp	G	A	B	C \sharp	D
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Here the half-tones are maintained in their places by raising the naturals F and C, each half a tone, and so obtaining two sounds not contained in the previous key of C, and, also, getting rid of two sounds belonging to that key. Thus, every sound in the Chromatic Scale, serving in turn for the key, or commencing note of a distinct scale, obtains for each a distinct character, which, as asserted by some, possesses a peculiar fitness in composition. That some pictures have been composed in a certain key, as to colour, there is no doubt; whether intentional or not, is not so certain, for artists who present the most decided appearance of system have said least about it; they have thought there was no patent but silence to secure to them their discoveries, and held their peace. These regulations in music are not invention, but observation; they are the grammar of natural sensation; the arrangement of natural phenomena into system, the foundation of which is variety.

It is found that certain of these intervals of tone, when heard together, contain each others complements of sound, and satisfy the ear by what is called harmony; and the first, third, fifth, and eighth note of the diatonic scale in every key, is, from possession of these complements, and entirely when heard together, called the common chord of such key. Examine the intervals between the sounds that form this common chord, and we will find them based upon the principle of variety.

Thus, the chord of C is C, E, G, C; between C and E, four half-tones; between E and G, three half-tones; and between G and C, five half-tones; or 4, 3, 5. We have more than a suspicion that what is called breadth has much of proximity with these proportions. Is not this system applicable to composition of effect as well as colour. Its whole intention is the avoidance of what is monotonous. Linear consecutiveness is monotony to the eye.

Chiaro oscuro, composition and colour, including the agreeableness of proportion, are, no doubt, subject to analogous regulations, and we believe the known principles of music to be applicable to them all. The mode of experiment is simple: describe a certain number of lines, differing in inclination by equality of degree, as an equivalent to the Chromatic Scale; from these select, according to musical principle, eight lines, of irregularity of interval equivalent to the Diatonic Scale. The third, fifth, and eighth, forming the chord of each scale, may then be used as the ground bass, or subject controlling the composition, and combinations of lines will be suggested of almost infinite variety, with entire avoidance of harshness in opposition, or consecutiveness of design. The imagination has full play in this pursuit, and even partial success will intimate an applicability of the science of musical sound to many other apparently distinct branches of study to exist far more universally than is generally admitted, from those usually devoted to metaphysical inquiry being incompletely furnished with a knowledge of its principles.

H. C. M.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

IN another part of this number will be found an article written in answer to some observations made in an article of the last month, entitled "Music as an Art." As we find nothing contained in it that at all disproves anything we have advanced, we must let the writer enjoy his opinions, while we still hold our own; and, as any further controversy on the point would probably not continue interesting to our readers generally, we must, therefore, decline prolonging it, although we shall be happy to hear all or anything the writer may have to say. Holding, however, fast to our own notions, we shall in some of the following numbers, whenever occasion offers, call attention to any arguments that may occur, in strengthening the position we have taken; and we are the more induced to this, because, in the very first paragraph of the article in question, the writer has advanced what is clearly wrong, namely, that "music is the soul of sound;" whereas, the exact converse is the case,—sound is the soul of music, for there is music in the waterfall—there is music in the gentle moaning of the wind. The very essence of these is sound, acting agreeably on our senses; nay, acting, if you will, with stupendous power, as well, and far more so, than the finest composition; for we conceive that the mere sound of the Falls of Niagara would produce more feeling of awe and reverence for the great Author of all, than even the combination of any number of voices, joining in chorus, giving effect to the Hallelujah Chorus, probably the most sublime ever written. As, then, the writer, on the very threshold of his argument, lays down an axiom contrary to fact, and as the subsequent reasoning is to a certain extent founded on this wrong axiom, our readers, we hope, will understand that, in declining further controversy, we do not intend to shirk the question, but that, as the very first start of the answer to our opinions contains a false proposition, it could not possibly strengthen any argument we may be able to produce, to controvert assertions founded on a wrong assumption.

There is, however, one peculiarity in music which belongs not to any other art; and, as our opponent incidentally mentions it, we will bring it forward, as it in a great degree affects the character of music as an intellectual art. Not only is its power felt by the human race, but the greater part of created beings are more or less under its influence; and this influence depends on music as an art, and not upon sound only. It is well known that some German noblemen have music for their horses, and it is found to have a beneficial effect upon them; but, independent of this, we must all have observed this influence upon some animal or other. For instance, the horn of the hunter upon his steed, or the sound of the clarion on the warriors charger; and, singularly enough, producing the same effect on them as on the race of man; and we see no reason why "Mons. Jullien might not please the beasts in the Zoological Gardens, just as much as the audiences he entertains at his concerts." We quote the writer's own words, though these are urged against us, merely adding that, as regards pleasing, it is a question of degree only—the same as between one man and another. The just conclusion to be drawn from these facts, is that, if music is capable of being appreciated (for such it must be to produce the effects) by animals whose mental qualifications are clearly below what is the prerogative of man, the cause—that is, the musician's art can hardly be ranked even equal to, still less higher in the scale as regards intellect, than others which require some effort of mind to be at all understood.

We will now turn to a consideration of our subject:—the study of music. Whatever may have been the amount of musical knowledge in olden time in this country, when it was expected that every one should be able to take a part in a glee or madrigal, and when any one who made pretension to any degree of scientific entertainment in the art, was in a manner necessitated to show practically that knowledge by reading from figured basses, and writing canons, and figures, and other such laboured and learned contrivances as were then chiefly studied and admired; compassing difficulties in the combination of chords that would now puzzle any professor of the art to accomplish; whatever, we say, may have been the amount actually, is certainly balanced by the greater claims that are put forth by all at this day, whether amateurs or professors; how far these claims are founded on fact may be a question, for, since the art has advanced, it is natural to suppose that the general knowledge should have advanced with it, and that the acquirements of all classes in these days should eclipse those of the period we have alluded to: but, when we scrutinize these modern pretensions, we shall, perhaps, be obliged to confess it as a truth, that the advance of the art, and the general knowledge of it, practically and theoretically, has not been *pari passu*, (some would say it has retrograded,) and that the acquirements of our virgin Queen were greater relatively to the state of the art then, than of any lady or gentleman whatever, from royalty downwards, in these days of pretension; for, "if Her Majesty, (Queen Elizabeth,) was ever able to execute any of the lessons that are preserved in a M.S. known by the name of *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, she must have been a very great player; as some of those pieces which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, are so difficult, that it would hardly be possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play one of them at the end of a month's practice."—*De Burgh*. But, whether she did or could play them, it matters not much to the purpose now; but, at all events, the very nature of the compositions indicates the state of the art and the ordinary practice of the amateurs of that period; but all the practical part, however, of modern days has been merged into difficulties. Mere mechanical dexterity has taken the place

of these crowded, and often inharmonious combinations; but the player, in the latter case, must have been grounded with a thorough knowledge of his art; whereas, in the former, little more is required than just enables him to read the difficulties he labours to overcome.

We ourselves are not prepared to say that we have, on the whole, retrograded; for it must be confessed that, with all the knowledge of former days, there was wanting what may be called the main-spring of the art—melody; without which music at best is but a monotonous succession of harmonious combinations; for, whatever may be the delight of putting together a fugue or a canon, an ear, once alive to the full enjoyment of melody, can hardly, but as a change, relish the dull monotony that exists even in the endless variety of these compositions. We may admire for a time the shifting of the kaleidoscope, but require something to enchain our feelings, ere we can linger over it with undiminished delight. But what we would say is, that our acquirements have not kept pace with the advance of the art. It is nothing to urge against this proposition one or two splendid exceptions, for they only make the rule more absolute; and we may put it down as a fact, that the musical knowledge of the mass is at a very low figure indeed. There may be a reason for this state of things, without going very deeply into speculative matters; and that is to be found in the change of circumstances. At no period of the world's existence have so many and great changes taken place as within the last century, not only affecting national, but individual character. The great and rapid stride in mechanical knowledge has given a restless impulse that is felt in every minutiae of life. The slow and laborious processes of former days would ill suit with the quicksilver imaginations of our times—the space between conception and execution is annihilated; whatever is done, must be done with a rapidity that would bewilder a resuscitated progenitor; and this spirit, which has attacked not only our mercantile and social relations, has even found its way into the sacred precincts of the arts. Imagination, which lives and exists chiefly in repose, is hurried out of all propriety. The restless activity that pervades the world at large will scarce allow time for the development of the inward workings of the mind. Instead of husbanding its powers until it can pour forth its accumulated strength at once, the aim is now to turn this natural commodity, in the quickest possible space of time, into ingots and shekels. It no longer loves to linger over the child of its adoption, whether painting, sculpture, or music, but hurries forward with utter recklessness, thinking every moment lost that brings not with it the golden reward.

That pecuniary emolument should be the great stimulus to exertion of any kind, it is natural to expect; for, without this necessary concomitant, existence is, after all, a mere endeavour to avert starvation; and it can hardly be supposed that such a state of things is favourable to any advance of artistic excellence; but then appears as too great desire for speedy accumulation. If we read the lives of musicians of ancient days, there certainly seems a love for the art, a desire for promoting its excellence, apart from the wish for gain; and there was consequently more devotion to study, to arrive at this excellence. A musician of three or four years standing would hardly be considered out of leading strings; whereas, the same period of study in these days would place him, in his own estimation at all events, in the highest walk of his art.

The cause of this may be found in the general advance of the mechanical arts. The power of steam has impelled the human mind onward at a rapid rate; quick locomotion has had its influence in quickening human desires; much that required long

and tedious labour to overcome, is now effected mechanically. It is thus a race between the mind and the machine; in which man is driven to his utmost to keep pace with his untiring competitor. In music, this effect is to be observed in the gradual speed by which playing itself has been accelerated. The compositions of former days are hurried on at a rate that would make its astonished author stand aghast. The power over instruments gained by a Paganini, or a Thalberg, was far as the north pole from entering even into the imagination of a musician of olden time, and transposing instruments, and clavic attachments, fill up the chasm.

There is however, no short cut to knowledge, or even acquirements. What labour and perseverance is necessary to overcome the most mechanical employment? This is acknowledged by the great length of time, required by law for almost all apprenticeship. But music, which requires great nicety and power over its mechanical parts, is paraded forth by ignorant speculators as being gained in a short time, by compendious systems. Would a painter, or sculptor, or architect, pretend to teach his or their art in any given time, or number of lessons? Why the fact of such an announcement being made, would stand forth as a condemnation of the knowledge of the propounder. Why should music then alone be debased, as it is by the quackery of some professors? Let any one look into the advertising columns of the day, and he will see such announcements as these unblushingly put forth to catch the ignorant public; for it is only ignorance that could be thus caught!

"Private tuition in singing, on the Spanish guitar and pianoforte, by a lady (professor) of great experience. Her system enables the pupil to perform a variety of accompaniments to the voice in a few lessons, completing them on the instrument in a brief period.—Terms very moderate."

"First-rate finishing lessons in Italian and English singing, and pianoforte; six lessons a guinea at home, or four from home—taught by a lady who has acquired considerable celebrity from her approved method of imparting the above accomplishments in the shortest possible time. She pays unremitting attention to the cultivation of a pure tone, and articulation, and to impart taste and style: she sings to and with her pupils."

"———'s improved method of teaching, enables his pupils in six lessons to accompany songs, play several airs, and the admired Spanish retreat; and in an equally limited number of lessons to perform effectively the most celebrated compositions of every class."

These examples are but a few, very few, compared with the number which are constantly appearing, and it certainly does seem strange, that any person can be found to believe in such absurdity. The longest life is scarcely sufficient to perfect a musician. What then can possibly be expected in the shortest possible time? But that there are individuals who are taken by these alluring baits, it is reasonable to suppose, or otherwise the system would not be continued. Let any one seriously consider what it is that is to be gained in this shortest possible time, and then he will see the unreasonableness of these announcements; it is not merely to read the notes, or learn an air or two, supposing in the first place, a natural capability which there must be, but the muscles have to be made pliable, the delicacy and nicety required to play or sing is only gained by a corresponding power over muscular action. If any one was asked whether a mechanic could acquire his art in a "brief period;" whether a few lessons would be sufficient; the question might provoke, perhaps, a smile, for the individual knows that it would require time and perseverance to gain the mastery over the muscles for any mechanical contrivance; and yet music which

requires more delicacy than any other mechanical art, is to be learnt in six lessons. The fallacy of this short-hand system has been practically demonstrated, in the total failure of the class singing plan, to which all the world once rushed, expecting to sing thereby in the shortest possible time,—and why was it a failure, simply that to sing a few notes correctly, and in tune the muscles of the throat must be first exercised to gain elasticity as a preliminary step to singing of a song, or even a part in a chorus: and Mr. Hullah knew this quite well, as he had the good fortune to be educated in the right school, but threw overboard this instruction to raise himself as he imagined on a pinnacle of his own; and great has been his fall, let others take a warning.

In this outline we have only taken notice of the delusion which people labour under with regard to musical teaching. And in speaking only of the muscular action, or mechanical part, we wish to point out what is generally overlooked as necessary for the first rudiments, or even before the first rudiments are learnt—for in the hurry to gain insight into a smattering of the art; it is altogether overlooked that the mechanism must be the first thing gained, or in other words that the natural stiffness of the muscles must be overcome, and unless this is done it is hopeless to expect either to play or sing; and it is clear that this preparatory step must take time, and a very long time; and that, therefore, any one who shall announce that music can be learnt just as you could eat your dinner, or put on your clothes, only proves himself fit to be classed with those quacks who have a medicine, which in no time at all will cure every disease under the sun.

Another absurdity in the study of music is the notion that some have, of bungling through the first steps any how, with some vague idea that a few finishing lessons from a first-rate master will do what is necessary to botch up the education. The very reverse plan ought to be adopted—for it is important that the rudiments should be well taught in the first instance, or all the subsequent practice will turn out useless; bad habits once acquired can hardly ever be entirely eradicated; but here the advertising system allures its victims, who learn too late, perhaps the total wreck of all their hopes.

In thus stating a few of the misapprehensions which exist with regard to the study of music, and how fatal they are to the progress of any individual in his art. Our wish has been to induce persons to pause ere they commence the studies. To the amateur it is not of so much moment if these in the first instance should have ill directed; but to those about to try the art as a means of subsistence, it behoves them to consider well their preliminary steps. We have no hesitation in saying, that as the best article is the cheapest in the end in every market, so this rule may be considered absolute with regard to the choice of a master, where the means are in any degree adequate. But students should also understand that the real study of the art only commences after the first difficulties which are ordinarily merely mechanical are overcome; too many, however, are apt to imagine that these are all that is required, and then quietly rest contented as if there was no more to be done; and this notion is too often instilled into young artists by their own parents or relatives, who, in this case turn out their worst enemies; and this is, perhaps, the reason why in this country there are so many respectable musicians, but so few that can take a rank equal to our continental neighbours. We may add that no excellence can be expected if in addition to the hope of a golden harvest there exists not in the breast of the student some aspirations for fame as the ultimate aim of his exertions.

C. J.

THE MISSES CUSHMAN.

AMONG the numerous affectations which are substituted for true perception, there is none more contemptible than the vulgar worship of celebrities; which, attaching infallibility to a great name, and praising without the pains of discrimination, would consecrate the inconsistencies and errors of genius in the same shrine with those exceeding and peculiar perfections, to which its claim upon our wonder and our veneration owes its acknowledgment.

The name of the dramatic poet of England, or we may almost say of Europe, (the objectors to his pre-eminence diminishing with increase of time,) has of late become so marked a victim of this new coinage of sentiment, that his greatest admirers, even those who love him most of all, and think of him most of all, find themselves occasionally, and to their own astonishment, in some sort of absolute opposition to a bigotry of worship, become common-place with multitudes whose real knowledge of the author's works might be represented by a very small figure.

This affectation is now pandered to by what are falsely called restorations of Shakspeare. An actor, aware that there are existing impressions in the minds of certain among his audience, with which his own amount of ability warrants little hope of successful competition, endeavours to evade such comparison, by getting rid of the passages themselves, arranges some new difference from the acting copy, and boldly advertises it as a restoration. Admiring enthusiastic worshippers of the name of Shakspeare, but who have small positive familiarity with his writings, taking the line on the play-bill for gospel truth, applaud the newly-vamped novelty, and believe themselves to be taller men for having done so. But those who know most about it see at once the new candidate is not the thing it claims to be, that it is still an adaptation, and that the celebrities to be compared are, after all, but Colley Cibber, David Garrick, and John Kemble, among the ancients, and thenobody knows who, who have of late been employed in disturbing their work. Leaving out and altering Shakspeare at all, in these *soi-disant* restorations, kicks away the support of infallibility, and leave the work in dispute to produce its own internal evidence of fitness for its justification, at the same time, opposed to some disadvantage of comparison in their pet quality, celebrity, between the first adapter and the last, as to amount of experience of theatrical effect, or capacity to perceive occasions for fine acting; which is, after all, the essence of excellence in a stage representation.

The difference between the early portions of Romeo and Juliet, in what is called the acting copy and the original text, consists in the suppression of reference to Rosalind, Romeo's first attachment; a good deal of rhyming declamation among various characters, exceedingly tedious from fourth-rate actors; a transposition of the lighter portion of the dialogue from Benvolio to Mercutio, and a general condensation and simplifying of that portion of the play from which the action, or development of plot receives no aid whatever. As acted at the Haymarket, a great portion of this was restored; we had Romeo at first as much enamoured with Rosalind as afterwards with Juliet. Now love, as painted by Miss Cushman is no joke; it cannot be confounded with a mere passing fancy. Her extremity of spasmodic energy has no half tints. She does nothing in degree. There was, therefore, nothing of difference in expression between the exhibition of his evanescent flame for Rosalind, and of that which burned only as brightly for his Juliet, that could warrant expectation of greater perma-

nence in the last attachment. Love as Miss Cushman describes it is a passion dangerous to excite. It seemed to us that her Romeo would love with such vehemence as to leave the object of his adoration black and blue. Can it be advantageous to the character of Romeo that he should be exhibited as falling in love, right and left with the violence—a combination of this return to the text of Shakspeare and Miss Cushman's extreme notions of the gentle passion compels us to observe. In our opinion, the acting play was injured by both one and the other. The repeated coming in and going out of Miss Cushman in her flighty manner, to say the least of it; the repeated conversations with Benvolio which lead to nothing; and but forestal by an expression of passion for some unknown, that which has afterwards to be repeated for another, injured dramatic effect, exhausted the resources of the actor, and, in some degree, the attention of the audience, before an interest had been created, or in fact the play itself had been begun. We need scarce insist on the evident want of tact in lengthening unnecessarily the declamatory portion that must be entrusted to inferior actors. Its impolicy was never more apparent than on the present occasion; as excepting at Drury Lane on Charles Kean's last engagement, we never noticed a company less efficient for a Shaksperian performance than that now permanently attached to the Haymarket theatre.

The transposition of passages from Benvolio to Mercutio may seem, to many we have alluded to in the first part of these observations, to be a sort of profanation that cannot be excused; and as an impertinent assumption to suppose any mortal capable of suggesting improvement in that quality for which the fame of our author is so transcendent, individual characteristic truth. We would invite these gentlemen to remark, that of thirty-seven of Shakspeare's plays there are ten which, although abounding in exquisite poetry, and with much of original and varied character, have, from inapplicability to modern stage purposes, never been acted within our memories; that of the other twenty-seven, nine are scarcely to be considered stock plays; while all of them are more or less suppressed in passages. And that even this, Romeo and Juliet, has expunged passages of original text, we have ourselves seen acted at Covent Garden Theatre. The infallibility of our author is left out on every side, and, the profanation of change being common to all parties, the simple point in dispute is this,—do these transfers of wit and humour, from Benvolio to Mercutio, injure or aid dramatic effect in the acting play? We assert that identity or individuality of character is obtained in increased distinctness by the alteration. The madcap fancies of Mercutio become more opulent by the added treasure; while Benvolio receives respectability from contrast, and is more fitted for receiving the confidence of Romeo.

The additions made at the conclusion of this play may be something more difficult to justify. Poetically considered, the language in which they are clothed is mean, and the drama is complete without them. Yet, if effect on the emotions of an audience are of account in our decision, the old acting edition has much of preference; the return to life and hope in Juliet, and the short forgetfulness of his fatal act in Romeo, before the terrible reality bursts upon them both, combined the drop too much that compelled revelation of feeling from the most cynical of the spectators. We would much rather see attempts tending to the restoration of artistic feeling in the acting of Shakspeare's plays than any repetition of this new dodge so artfully representing itself as what it is not.

We were among the first to pronounce a positive opinion as to the exceeding talent of Miss Cushman. We have seen

no reason to correct our then opinion. No actress since Miss O'Neil will support a comparison with her for truth of conception or power of execution; but even Miss Cushman cannot imitate that which she cannot know. We believe, in America, and we are sure in England, that ladies have little opportunity of contemplating the behaviour of men when among men; therefore was the Romeo of Miss Cushman a magnificent untruth from the beginning to the end. We cannot treat this performance as a lady performance; or, as some have said, a means of introducing a sister to our stage. We know Miss Cushman was advertised in the part while her sister was in America, and we also know, that we are threatened with a series of these hermaphrodite personations, as Claude Melnotte, Ion, &c. Miss Cushman has thought to become masculine by excess of energy; it is a mistake: instead of magnifying the emotions of the lover by such horse-power exertion, it was rather the actor's cue to keep them back and let them show themselves without obtrusion. The great deficiency of this lady is in quiet dignity, a quality even more essential in male than in female characters.

It is held by some, that possession contains the nine points of the law; and it seems to be a prejudice with many on the stage, that intensity contains the nine points of good acting. It is, like every thing else, excellent in its place. We set much store by the quality, believing that no durable eminence can be obtained as an actor without the power of using it to almost any amount, when needed. Indeed it may be considered always necessary in degree. Sufficiency of control, as to degree, being a leading requirement in the artist. In our last number's notice of one of our most accomplished actors, we pointed out deficiency in this ingredient of excellence. A performance will never excite in its absence; but there may be too much. We will take an illustration from Joe Miller:—"An Irishman" (of course) "having partaken of an apple pie, approved of some peculiarity in its flavour, and inquired its cause. The lady of the house told him it was produced by the addition of a quince or two. 'Bless me,' said the Hibernian, 'what a splendid apple-pie it would be, when made entirely of quinces!'" Our objection is, that Miss Cushman makes her apple-pie entirely of quinces. Her Romeo is full of exquisite declamation, and pourtrayal of exceeding passion; one passage in competition with another, until exuberance of produce annihilates value. The performance is all of one deep tinge; inefficiency of physical effort is produced by repetition of attempt to raise emotion in an already exhausted audience; and all are admiring what nobody feels. If we were to extract those passages that were given with intensity of passion, each beyond any other actor we know, we should extract the whole; and to point out one false reading we are unable; but of want of judgment in using the means at her command there are enough of instances. Indeed, judgment is defective every where. Miss Cushman seemingly acts entirely on instinct: the consequence of this must be mannerism. The rushing on, and rushing off the stage always after the same fashion, is mannerism; the throwing up the two hands, and slapping them together with a loud unpleasant report, is mannerism; a great many of her attitudes are mannerisms, and from a bad school. We will mention one:—Romeo and Juliet are discovered on a terrace in flat; they descend together, Romeo's hands upon the shoulders of Juliet, and Juliet's upon the shoulders of Romeo, in the precise position with which two Cornish or Devonshire wrestlers would commence a struggle for a fall. The equality of size in the parties made the resemblance more distinct. Attention to these things make the actor, and their neglect is one cause of there

remaining so few real artists upon the stage. If we have been something strong in our remarks, it is owing to disappointment at observing many passages of surpassing beauty and true genius, coldly received, from being so surrounded as to destroy effect, and prevent any thing like a burst of power during the entire play. The only applause that is worth an actor's attention is that extracted at once, and without premeditation. We do not say this never occurred to Miss Cushman's Romeo, but that nothing else is wanting but suppression in parts, to make it many times more frequent. Thus the intensity, so long misplaced in the early part of the play, emanating at last from positions justifying its use, failed in obtaining the slightest acknowledgment, that would, with sufficiency of judgment in the actor, in the part immediately before, have elicited acclamation from all parts.

Miss Susan Cushman possesses many personal advantages, yet is her figure something too portly and large for the more gentle among the tragic heroines; nor are the tones of her voice particularly adapted to give effect to an expression of the softer emotions. Indeed the similarity of sound between the two sisters had some effect in marring their combined performance: with the eyes shut, one person might be supposed reading both parts. In the balcony scene this was very noticeable. We have some difficulty in estimating the dramatic talents of this lady, for Juliet seems to us a character not giving the greatest possible scope to her physical means. She fails in tenderness, and when attempting power, the very deep-seated tones of her voice add such harshness to intonation as carries her still farther from the character. It is probable she may be more intense in parts admitting of masculine energy. As a reading, the performance was unobjectionable; yet with evidence of much teaching; many passages shewing that precept not impulse was the monitor directing her exertions. Thus she frequently starts before the sentence is complete that should excite her. If we are right in our observations, her temperament is not sufficiently nervous to insure a high and independent rank in the drama; and if the Romeo could transfer some portion of her own intensity to her sister it would advantage both. Juliet's deficiencies were not assisted by the restorations. Want of silveryness in tone made harsh words sound still more harshly; when, in the acting copy, Juliet signifies her dissent to the marriage with Paris, as follows:

"Juliet.—I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo;
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I cannot marry yet."

There is little that is undutiful in this—and our pity and interest in Juliet is something increased by the paternal harshness with which her gentle protest has been received.

But according to the original text:

"Juliet.—Now by St. Peter's church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo;
I pray you, tell my father, madam,
I will not marry yet, &c. &c."

With all our veneration for Shakspeare we find these words something objectionable for a young lady to her mother; and when uttered with a voice like Miss Susan Cushman's, they convey an unamiable impression of her character destructive of our interest in the piece. The restored expression

"Ancient damnation!"

From the lips of a young lady, is another evidence of bad taste in these restorers; and that in a scene where there is much unobjectionable matter left out.

Witnessing this play at the Haymarket, was to us a demon-

stration of the impossibility of producing satisfactorily one of Shakspeare's plays without the superintendence of some master mind that might control the whole into some unity of intention. Every actor wished to be principal: even the Sampson and Gregory chose to be original, and affected cowardice, to make a laugh—an impression totally opposite to the intention of the author. We will say nothing of the Mercutio, it has received its full of castigation already; but we cannot pass by Mr. Stuart's Friar Lawrence, which we denounce as a total misconception from beginning to end. All keeping of the ascetic holy man, who preaches philosophy under suffering, was turned, in the early parts, into a jolly old cock, having more of the Boniface than the hermit in his composition; his very look when saying:

"For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone!"

Had something too significant to be respectable. He was entirely too violent in the latter portion of the play, and struggled for masterhood in vehemence with the other characters. Thus his description of the narcotic was given with a misplaced energy, as if intended to frighten Juliet, rather than to sooth her to its use. Those who always applaud noise seemed to like this view of the character. It was, nevertheless, detestable. Miss Glover's Nurse was perfect; but Mr. Buckstone's Peter was too good for good keeping. We sum up our notice of the performance with a remark made in the house, that we never saw so many dry eyes looking at the play of Romeo and Juliet before.

THE TRUNK MAKER.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

JANUARY 14th. Conversazione.—Theme—"Under what circumstances in modern decoration ought the Gothic or the Italian style to be preferred?" Mr. Dwyer in the chair. The observations were chiefly argumentative upon architectural proprieties and taste; and when the remarks began to assume a more immediate reference to the subject, it was found necessary to adjourn the meeting; so that opinions upon the principles which properly influence a correct view of the question remain to be expressed. The new palace of Westminster was frequently alluded to as a "*point d'appui*" in the arguments. It was contended that it contains essentially the elements of an Italian construction; but having an incrustation of Gothic ornamental details, skilfully collected from the works of several periods. This induced remarks on the value of precedents, which it was said ought to be studied, but not looked upon so much as fixed rules for embellishments, and that past efforts should be considered rather as examples of what had been applied under certain circumstances and restrictions, than as being the *only ones* suitable and appropriate to any recognized or imitated form in architecture. An allusion was made to a report that the selected artists for the fresco decorations are on the Continent, for the purpose of copying the style and manner of the early Italian painters,—Cimabue, Giotto, and that school. And it was argued, that an undue appreciation of this period in the arts was to be regretted; also, that it ought to be open to the present age, to impart a novel and peculiar effect to forms of past periods in architecture by means of our superior attainments in drawing, execution, and colouring. It was, also, affirmed that it is only necessary to have regard to principal lines in the arrangement of harmonizing and contrasting forms of ornament, in order to display that unity and completeness of expression, so striking when produced; but which are seldom attained from the

deficiency of scientific deliberation upon *mere* ornamental details. A discussion ensued upon the restrictions to be regarded in fitting and furnishing the interior, and reference was made to the screen, stalls, stained glass, &c., in King's College Chapel, Cambridge; which are designed in the Renaissance style, and have been condemned as in impure taste. It was said that the Gothic style would impose considerable difficulties in applying modern necessities and conveniences in unison with it, and yet retaining the individual characteristics of the style. Other questions were then prominently introduced, such as, to what extent coloured imitations of natural forms for arabesques may be associated with geometrical ornaments of Gothic architecture? And which, if either, should preponderate in palatial embellishment? Also, what limits are to be regarded in the treatment of each style?

In the most of these considerations the meeting was adjourned to Wednesday, the 28th instant, with the intention, it was said, of collecting further opinions upon this really important and truly difficult subject. It may be added, that several observations were made upon ecclesiastical decorations recently executed in and near to the metropolis, and considerable merit, it was said, is discoverable in several instances.

IS MUSIC AN INTELLECTUAL ART?

MR. EDITOR,

WHERE I asked for a definition of music, I should say, it is the soul of sound. In this universal sense, it opens to us glimpses of the hidden meanings of nature—dim revealings of the unfathomable and the everlasting;—and we perceive within what is material and transitory, the true, the lovely, the delicate, and the harmonious, which the untutored intellect never could.

As within sound this subtle spirit is to be detected, predicated the existence of wisdom and order, it affords a beautiful analogy in favour of the existence of that permeating principle which directs the vast concert of the world. The universe may be likened to a piece of music, Providence creating out of those elements, in which man perceives only discord and diversity, amazing melodies of love and wisdom. The poet, the philosopher, and the man of genius in general, when admiring the harmony of nature, cannot compare it to anything so sublime as the concord of many sounds: and thus, when imagination soars and hears the high "sphere music," with which it loves to invest the immensity of systems, it appears as if harmony could afford a picture of the development of the truth which is the enigma of art and of poetry.

In the power of receiving impressions from music, and in forming and combining out of those impressions, the mind undergoes this process, viz:—"It takes cognizance of it as a *sensation*, and it is affected by it as a vehicle for the expression of *sense*. Now every animal is affected by it; first as a sensation, provided the hearing exists; but what is it that renders it susceptible to the development of that inward feeling which is the essence of all we do? If you say something to a dog as if you were not speaking to him, he would not heed you; but speak the same words in another tone of voice, and he understands what you want him to do. But you say this is merely sensation? Well, define the term: sensation is the passive reception of an external impression, and nothing else. How then is it possible for sensation ever to comprehend music at all? The animal, let it be remembered, is not merely a lump of sensation—otherwise he would be passive or vegetable;—and, therefore, it will prove nothing for those who deny the intellectuality of music, to tell us that it is a sensation shared by all animals.

The *reason* is not affected by sound, or the essence of sound,

because the office of reason is to abstract and generalize; but suppose there were no such thing as music, would it be possible to convey our sentiments in words? It may be replied we can *write* our sentiments; but to what is this tantamount? Is there no music required in composition? What are words but symbols, devoid of vitality or meaning, till intelligence is infused into them by that very music or *soul* of sound, which is to them what the mind is to the body—a directing power? I hope this distinction will be borne in mind, as it is of importance. Let us never forget that the active and the passive are the only modes of being we can conceive. Nor is this an arbitrary distinction. If we abstract the quality from the thing the soul is wanting, and we are in the same predicament as the materialist when he is asked what he means by the word matter.

All logicians have come to the conclusion, that to produce a certain effect there must be an adequate cause. It should seem that the writer of the article on "Music as an Art" acknowledges the *effects* of music, but is at issue with me on the *cause* of those effects. In the review of Holmes's life of Mozart there was very little argument for me to grapple with, and the question seemed to hinge on the poetry rather than the philosophy of the matter. No principles were laid down, and therefore I was not going to take both a negative and a positive, like the Irishman who was employed by a person to carve an angel, and being rather drunk, invested it with a wig. "You rascal," said the incensed employer, "did you ever see an angel with a wig on?" "Please your honour" answered Pat with the characteristic wit of his nation, "did you ever see one widout?"

The story is old, but it is good.—But these two—philosophy and poetry—are indivisibly connected, as I think I shall presently be able to demonstrate. While on this portion of the subject, it is expedient to notice an error C. J. has made in estimating the inspiration of the poet as an effort of reason, as if by taking thought a man of intellect could construct an epic just as a mechanic could make a table!

One of the sublimest poets of the present century, writing of this inspiration, says: "It is impossible to read the productions of our most celebrated writers, whatever may be their systems relative to thought and expression, without being startled by the electric life in their words. They measure the circumference, and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive, all-embracing, all-penetrating spirit, at which they are themselves most sincerely astonished. It is less their own spirit than the spirit of the age. They are the priests of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirror of that gigantic shadow, of which they conceive not the power which they express—the trumpet which sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires—the influence that is moved not, but moves." C. J. seems able to appreciate but the lowest order of mind in music. Genius never waits for rules and for formulas, because it creates out of the exceeding richness and beauty of its visions, truthfulness and power, which even the most perfect accuracy of proportion not instilled by nature, could never rival. Who knows the *cause* of these mysterious things? The effects are evident.

And now to argue the matter as logically as I can, premising that art being a domain not subject to the dialectic, and consisting in contiguity of parts, not in closeness of reasoning, there is no possibility of being merely inductive in the train of argument to be pursued. Lord Bacon might prescribe what method he chose, but the human mind rejects method in its pursuit of the sublime and the beautiful. Kents has said:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Man knows on earth, and all he needs to know."

A positive principle is enunciated in the assertion that the

error of estimating music "results from some confusion of the terms, creative and imitative, as applied to the different branches of art. It is contended that the composer is a creator, so to speak." This principle is at the root of our amicable controversy, and I shall therefore commence with discussing it. What is the definition of the term creation? To create, means, I conclude, to cause to be; as that which is uncaused cannot be created.

"The term, creator, necessarily implies a boundless power ranging free and unfettered." Not to answer profanely, there is no such power in existence as C. J. seems to think there is by the use of such words. *Absolute* power would be self-annihilation. The infinite and absolute are not by any means synonymous. The system of the universe clearly demonstrates that the power or spirit which pervades matter and sustains the amazing whole, cannot act but according to immutable principles of order and harmony. But the mind which creates and vivifies is not the slave of those principles—for that is the dull dogma of absolute materialism, but is subject only to itself. It is even so with the composer, who is not the *slave* of his high vocation, any more than a king is of the people.

Nor do I think the analogy between the finite and infinite irreverent, since man is an imitator of the great Author of his being, and was intended by Him to copy his works. All art is more or less an imitation, but it is not a servile copy, if genuine. The mind, as well as the senses, must be in operation, in order to produce a work of high ideal art, otherwise a savage might excel Handel and Mozart in harmony, since the sense of the savage is the most acute. How can educated sense produce that which it can never perceive? C. J. has not replied to what I said, e. g.—that nature can produce nothing of connected harmony. He thinks it is but an improvement of taste that prefers grand music to rude sounds, simply as the epicure has a more dainty appetite than a ploughman. Where is the justice of this analogy? What associations has the epicure with what is true and lovely, to raise and dignify his critical and fastidious appetite? C. J. is the realism, or materialism, of art,—a Dutch school of criticism that only admires the fidelity of execution, and doats on the sensual and external.—The form, not the spirit, is what he looks to, for "comparison and analysis," he says, "are constantly required in the progress of a picture;" as if mental operations such as these were the loftiest attributes of the painter! The same poet C. J. has quoted on the Gladiator exclaims,

"Tis to create, and in creating live,
A being more intense than we endow
With form our fancy."

The form means nothing, without the soul that pervades it. C. J. takes for granted, with some modern philosophers, that there is no creation in creation, and in one sense he is right. Yet this will not help him out of the horns of his dilemma. If Titian found a form he admired, and exercised on it the perceptions acquired of comparison and analysis, what was it Handel exercised in the *sublime* composition of the Hallelujah? Was it reason? No; but it was intellect—not *sensation*. He did not analyze his emotions as an inferior composer might have done, for the perfection of art is to rise above itself; but he trusted implicitly in the inspiration he experienced. And *this* is the triumph of C. J. Because the composer does not exercise his logical faculties incessantly, his art is unintellectual! God help us, if we are to analyze every noble and thrilling idea, to "speak by the card," or like the critic of Sterne, use the stop watch on every occasion, as the only gauge whereby to measure the great and magnificent!

"Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous form of things:
It murders to dissect."

Imagination is less intellectual than reason! C. J. cannot go farther than this. Aristotle was a greater man than Homer and Milton, because he *reasoned* most. Whereas he should have seen the difference is not in degree, but in kind. And is it true that the painter tasks our reasoning powers more than the composer? The child uses his eyes just as soon as his ears, and music is connate with being. The fact is, reason is not appealed to in our judgment of works of art as a whole at all; and, when we analyze, it is not the abstract idea of beauty, but the adaptation of the parts to each other; but the *mind* is appealed to through the medium of the eyes or the ears. The reason is critical, and all criticism is purely negative. Who speaks of Plato as a great *reason*, and not as a great *mind*? Why, reason but points to the infinite and eternal, and by it alone we could never arrive at any cognizance of infinity or eternity; but the mind, the soul, which reason serves, *does* take in the thought of that which overwhelms logic; and, when Aristotle or Plato enunciated a great idea; when the stupendous thought of Deity flashed on the intellect of the psychologist, reason grew pale before "the mystery and the burthen of the universe," and aspiration became adoration. Was comparison, or was analysis, the highest intellectual power herein?

What is the object of all ideal art but to excite wonder and adoration? Nay, what is the object of religion and philosophy but this? Nor let it be thought this is a barren result to achieve, since without such things as worship of beauty, and wonder at truth, all is a moral desert.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

No rationalist but would acknowledge he cannot go beyond astonishment at nature, and her mysteries; and before we arrive at such a state of mind, the reason has been exercised and stretched to its extremest limits;—proving that faith is in the constitution of our being. Where philosophy leaves off, poetry and music begin. They endeavour to express what is inexpressible and unintelligible by the logical faculty—appealing to the interior principle, which is not yet opened to the infinite. *Science* does not require original intellect to attain. If C. J. implies that to understand the theory of music a process of ratiocination exclusively necessitates a greater mental power to be exercised, than to compose the Messiah, I answer, it is false and absurd, for then we should have Handels every day. I do not very clearly comprehend whether my opponent means to affirm that it wants no more mind to appreciate music than to like truffles, as he says, "the operation of mind, abstractly considered, can have little or nothing to do with the determination of what is agreeable or not." The production of a melody, however fascinating in its effects, has no more to do with the intellect than the composition of the doctor's sauce. I did not think the question was one of the intellect exercised in producing *agreeableness of effects*,* since my adversary has complained throughout his answer to my article on my having confused effects with causes. It is Handel *versus* Ude, according to this novel doctrine!

By a parity of reasoning, the animal shows as much sagacity in eating a meal as the amateur in following the idea of a composer, which arises from the vague and indefinite manner in which sensation is mentioned. I do not want to quarrel with

C. J. about words, but he has denied the activity of the mind in the pursuit of art; and therefore would debase art into sense, if not into sensuality. On the very same premises it might be said it requires no more sensibility to feel the beauties of nature than to devour a beef-steak! Why, what a strange idea my opponent must entertain of the delicacy of our tastes! But he may answer, I have mistaken what he means to say; and, perhaps, after all he could not afford an exposition of his system. It means nothing at all, or else it means that to feel pleasure under any circumstances, only requires certain organs of sense. If this is intended, M. Jullien might please the beasts in the Zoological gardens just as much as the audiences he entertains at his concerts, provided they were educated like the learned pig. I advise some spirited caterer for public amusement to take this hint into his earnest consideration, and he may make a profitable speculation by showing that a monkey when tutored can be as well pleased by fiddles as nuts.

Immediately afterwards it is said, "the antiquity of music argues nothing for its intellectuality." I did not contend it was a proof of it; but it is presumptive evidence that the music of the ancients was of a high order, when the poets wrote with such enthusiasm of its effects. Nor must we suppose that because they were ignorant of the rules of art, the art itself was not in a state of great perfection. The poet writes before the critics lay down canons of criticism.

Longinus succeeded those he gained his insight into the sublime from, and if they had not written, neither would he. We have as many instances of precocious talent in painting as in music; and even in poetry and other of the fine arts we might adduce many prodigies in support of my conviction that inspiration is not a process of ratiocination. We have all met with men of strong logical powers who have no genius or originality; I fear not to assert that the combinative power in Beethoven's metaphysical music was as great as in the arrangement of the figures in the resurrection of Lazarus, or any other of our national pictures. Still I contend this combinative power is merely the skill of a mechanic, until it is vivified by the electric spirit breathed by thought and imagination into it. What is the body of man without his intellect? Would my opponent prefer the skeleton, because it has a wonderful mechanism, to the mind that disdains such mechanism? Because we do not understand the structure of the mind, is it not more astonishing than the formation of the body, the office and form of which we *do*; but I must not multiply examples. Music is *not* only the expression of passions. Passional emotions are subordinate to the artistic revelation of a great pervading sentiment. C. J. thinks it would be impossible to set "To be, or not to be" to music. Surely that proves it is set to the best of all music in the rhythm, since those very words are as common-place and ordinary as any monosyllables can be. The way in which an actor pronounces them determines his conception of their import. We might say it would be impossible to put words to some of Beethoven's symphonies; for as I have said throughout, "music is the soul of sound;"—certainly sound is not the soul of music. M. Fétis has been quoted as an authority by my opponent, and in conclusion (though I hope I may be able to add something more, which the limits of *this* article preclude) I shall cite what he says in a recent work in support of the position which I have assumed.

"What is called the *expression of the words* is not the essential object of music. To explain that which the lyric poet puts into the mouth of the personages of his drama is the exhibition of one or two things which they experience: namely, either

* For then the physical would rank above the moral!

those personages are under the influence of a passion which is to be shared by the audience, or they are in danger, and the audience is to be interested in their fate. In both cases it is necessary to produce *emotions*—and of all the arts music is the most powerful for that purpose. The words lend it only a feeble aid; it is enough if they enable the audience to understand the situations; if on the contrary, the feeling be of a only a feeble which, without being inert, is still not a strong emotion, the music corresponds with it by the agreeableness of airs of no decided character, by the richness of the accompaniment, or by the novelty of the harmony, all which produce sensations rather than emotions." But Fetis has here only treated of the science, and we want the science of science. There is something more to be said in quotation from this work; but at present you and our readers will exclaim with Macbeth, "HOLD! ENOUGH!"—*Id est of Correspondence.*

ART UNION CARTOONS.

How conservative mankind is of error! How loyal in clinging to a hastily adopted notion, however exempt from reasonable hope of usefulness! After the Fine Art Commissioners had, by reiterated experiments, made at a ruinous expense to the mistaken artist, exhausted the most feeble hopes of useful consequence from the application of the principle of competition in painting and sculpture; and had signified the result of their so acquired experience by distributing their commissions without any reference to the success, as a candidate, of the artist employed: after all this we say, the council of the Art Union, which is, or ought to be, composed of men having something more of familiarity with the real relationship of the artist to the public, has taken up the ridiculed, exhausted, exploded, cast-off absurdity, and another levy of time and means, from a class but little able to meet a renewal of such an infliction, has produced the assemblage of Cartoons, now exhibiting at the New Water Colour Gallery, Pall Mall.

To know that such experiments are based on a fallacy, requires a very small amount of consideration of the subject in question. All who have any intimacy of acquaintanceship with art, know, that even a tolerable picture has never been painted until after repeated failures; and that, long before any high order of excellence can be possessed by a history painter, the artist is well known to all who pay attention to such matters, as exhibiting a promise of such excellence. It is true that this promise is not always kept. Circumstances occasionally tempt him from the road; or his mental construction may be such as will lift him rapidly to a point, without having capacity for carrying him higher. There may be multitudinous reasons for preventing the fulfilment of these promises; but there cannot be one for the consequence of fulfilment without preparatory exhibited symptoms of expectant power. This is a corollary of the real connection between the artist and the public: as being unmixt with personal consideration. We are, of course, confining our observations to the history painter. Individual address has, no doubt, much to do with success in portraiture; that is, with hastening success. But in history painting, the artist should only be notorious by his works, and it is not in the power of any to interpose a barrier to such notoriety. On the walls of an exhibition room, in spite of cavillers, a moderately good picture is not easily overlooked by those whose opinions make the reputation of the painter. Are such men to be applied to with the formula of a contract for butchers meat and soldiers knapsacks? However certain parties may elect to so treat them, the result must be inattention to the application. What is there so enticing in the chance of a £500 commission

to an artist who can dispose of his works as fast as they are produced? Enquire at every studio of eminence, and this is the present position of art in England. What would be the advantage to twelve of our best men, were they to strive together for such an amount? Why one would succeed and eleven would fail. What temptation is there in a £500. commission to compensate the risk of such a twelve to one lottery. The smallest modicum of reasoning faculty would expose at once the futility of such a process. The mistake had palliation, if not excuse, in the Fine Arts Commission. They knew no better; but the council of the Art Union do know better, and the folly has been repeated more as a means of advertisement, and a business mode of increasing its own funds, than from an expectation of usefulness to art. We cannot see how a profession is to be advantaged by a speculation, in which the capital expended exceeds in amount the calculation of return; and we are quite sure no superior work of art will be obtained by such means.

The first suggestion, on entering the room, and, cursorily glancing along its walls, is, "who can the parties be who furnish the major portion of these specimens?" The exceeding bad ones, usually some first attempt, present no recognizable characteristics by which to guess at the concocter. What an exposure of deficiencies, not only of ability to do, but of capacity to know! A young man may be excused for making a bad picture; and we see no great harm in an old one so amusing himself; for many bad pictures must be always made before the good ones; but the obtrusion of such things as some in this exhibition, argues not only meanness of judgment in the *soi-disant* artist, but that he is destitute of council from others. There are some clever pictures, notwithstanding; one or two very clever. But we will take them by catalogue.

No. 1. "Queen Eleanor obliging Fair Rosamond to swallow Poison."—There is little difficulty in recognizing the artist who furnished this cartoon; and it exhibits, as far as finished, the handling of an accomplished water-colour painter. The habit of treating with subjects containing many figures, has not prepared the artist for the simplicity of contrivance required by less crowded combinations; and the present cartoon has many faults. It presents more the character of a hastily invented book print, than that of a soberly prepared historical picture. Queen Eleanor wants dignity and truth of expression. Her left arm with the dagger is unfortunate in composition; the lines being very disagreeable opposed. There is also a mass of blackness behind, which, besides being mischievous, is untrue. The profile of the man's face is magnified on the wall, as if the shadow were caused by some light near to him, and there is none. Fair Rosamond comes from the black back ground with extreme hardness.

2. "Saxon Almsgiving."—This cartoon possesses one quality to praise. It has a broad, pleasing, prettiness of effect that shows a strong perception in the artist for that desideratum in a good picture. There is also an arrangement of parts in the composition that is much superior to the character of drawing either of the heads or figures. The children are all ugly.

3. "Ill May Day."—"Katharine of Arragon interceding for the London Apprentices." Certainly not worth the cost of composition and printing of the long paragraph devoted to it in the catalogue.

4. "The Life of Alfred."—This is a tolerable imitation of the modern German Gothic; with all its affected pedantry, heavy, coarseness, and determined avoidance of effect in light and shadow.

5. "Canute reproving his Courtiers."—Has the designer of this cartoon, no friends?

6. "First British or Druidical Government."—A very bad specimen indeed.

7. "The discovery of the body of William Rufus by the Country People in the New Forest, Hampshire. A.D. 1100."—Exceedingly bad.

8. "Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth."—Mean in effects and drawing.

9. "Henry III. renewing the Charter."—The drawing so bad as to half disguise its plagiarisms.

10. "Queen Philippa interceding for the Lives of the Burgesses of Calais."—A work of very great merit; and entitled to a high rank as a composition. The heads, now many of them very fine, will, with the added study they must receive in painting, become still more satisfactory. There can be no hesitation in saying this is the successful picture. Indeed it wants but little to be a very first-rate work, worth much more than the amount offered. Its weakness arises from want of connection in the lights that produces spottiness of effect, subversive of the repose that would permit the eye to rest upon the principal group. At present, the greatest breadth and brilliancy is upon the prisoners in the left hand corner, and the spectator is attracted to that part whether he will or no. There is a deficiency of masculine dignity in the person of Edward; neither is the expression of his countenance satisfactory; he seems rather endeavouring to recollect something, than attending to what is before him. There is too much of fear exhibited by the prisoners, and nothing resembling heroic contempt for death in the appearance of any of them. The great beauty of the picture is its arrangement of lines, in which it is very successful. The artist obtained a prize in the first Westminster Hall exhibition.

11. "Anna Askew refusing to sign the Six Articles."—Again among the very bad specimens.

12. "Howard visiting a Prison."—This picture is clever in parts: some of the figures are carefully designed, and drawn with much truth and correctness of detail; as the figure sitting down in the right hand, and also the boy; while some have neither of these qualities; showing the carelessness and study to have been applied very partially. The whole effect and composition are, however, so very unpleasant, as to render it, if even equally successful throughout, a subject entirely unfitted for the graver.

13. "Non Angli sed Angeli."—A collection of plagiarisms caricatured.

14. "The Influence of the Christian Religion, as exemplified by a Passage from British History."—This is a singular specimen of how little a man may be able to perform in a long life, and how high an estimate he may set upon that little. We have recognized this hand in almost every exhibition of cartoons—sometimes twice.

15. "Meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. near Calais."—Very bad.

16. "Oliver Cromwell about to slay Secretary Thurlow's Clerk, at Lincoln's Inn."—Not much better than 15.

17. "Eleanor sucking the Poison from the Wound of Edward I."—Certainly intended for burlesque.

18. "Ancient Britons defending their Families from the Romans."—If by a very young man, there are points that show industry and study. If not a very young man, the case is hopeless.

19. "The Meeting of Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I. with her Mother, Maria de Medicis, of France."—Decidedly the work of an artist, and possessing considerable success in what has been undertaken; but there is not sufficiency of attempt. Probably the picture finished would be attractive in colour. Chiaro oscuro does not appear to have been considered at all, and there

is scarcely sufficient contrivance as to composition. The heads are sweetly designed, and delicately pencilled.

20. "The Bishop of Carlisle denouncing Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster."—Coarse and clumsily designed, with here and there a head of some merit. Not possessing anything positively good in itself, but yet not so deficient as many.

21. "Death of Harold."—A series of efforts at contortion, and a demonstration that disproportion may be carried much farther than many of us ever thought it would go.

22. "Alfred, surrounded by his Family, addresses Edward, his Son and Successor."—The character of drawing timid, and unrefined, but very near being successful in effect of chiaro oscuro.

23. "The Welcome of the Boy King, Henry VI., into London, after his Coronation at Paris."—This appears to us to be by the same artist that executed No. 1., and possesses greater claim to be the representation of a modern masquerade than a happy picturing of antique costume. There wants severity of inquiry in its preparation, truth being too often sacrificed to prettiness, producing a meretricious effect of power, weakened to impotence by facility. The pencil is ever before the thought, and shows such capability of doing, that we are proportionally more disappointed by its failure.

24. "Discovery of the Death of the good Duke Humphrey, of Gloucester."—There is much of cleverness in this cartoon. The figure of Henry is well composed, but the grouping is not successful. The point of sight is too high, and the general expression of the figures theatrical, producing an effect of a stage scene.

25. "Seizure of Roger Mortimer by Edward III. in Nottingham Castle."—This is a failure that has greater merit than many that have been successful. It is a bold attempt at eminence in the very highest walk of history, having portions that will bear comparison with any other picture. The heads are finely studied, and broadly designed; the character of drawing grand, without alloy of meanness anywhere. The insufficiencies are almost entirely mechanical; the figures being rather large for the height of the picture, and the perspective of the ground not allowing sufficient room for the group, or space for the length of the limbs not in sight. The shadows want massing; but, the style being essentially German, chiaro oscuro is something neglected: drawing broad, and sometimes coarse, but learned. It is altogether an immense advance from the last cartoon by the same artist, and gives strong earnest of gigantic power in reserve.

26. "Edward I. at Guienne."—Bad.

27. "Spencer reading the 'Faerie Queene' to his Wife and Sir Walter Raleigh."—Not finished as to effect, but what is attempted is eminently successful. The three figures are beautifully drawn, happily opposed in composition, and well express the subject intended. We hope to see this subject painted.

28. "Alfred in the Camp of the Danes."—The last of the monstrosities.

Had there been a premium for the worst cartoon in this assemblage, a mighty struggle, and much discontent, would be inevitable; for, whoever were the successful candidate, some dozen others would possess legitimate titles to justify their counter claims. Happily the task of selecting the best, or that affording the most advantageous subject for engraving, presents little difficulty. "Queen Philippa," No. 10, fulfils this condition of the contract more completely than any other competing work: though we consider "the Seizure of Mortimer," No. 25, with all its deficiencies in parts, to belong to a higher class of art. No. 27, "Spencer reading the Faerie Queene," is more a

genre painting than strictly historical. The same objection may apply itself to No. 19—"The Meeting of Henrietta," which we also hope to see painted. These, with No. 23—"Welcome of the Boy King;" No. 4—"The Life of Alfred," with its Germanism; No. 2—"Saxon Alms-giving," with its nice effect; No. 1—"Fair Rosamond;" No. 24—"Death of Duke Humphrey;" and No. 12—"Howard;" seem to us to be the only cartoons sent in by men having present pretensions to the title of artists. Yet there are two more, and we will include No. 22—"Alfred, surrounded by his Family," and No. 20—"Bishop of Carlisle denouncing Bolingbroke," though we have little liking for either. The others are atrocities, for whose existence we are at a loss to account.

We hardly know which are most to blame—the few clever men who countenance such experiments by their support, or the crowd of insufficiencies that play the parts of supernumeraries on the occasion, and, like slaves at a Roman triumph, subscribe, by their own degradation, to increase the glory of their adversaries' success.

[Since the above was in print, the award has been made in accordance with the opinion here expressed; Mr. H. C. Selons being the successful candidate. Not having expected so early a decision, we did not name those whose works we had recognized; among which, Noel Paton's "Seizure of Mortimer" stands foremost. "Howard Visiting a Prison" has been ascribed to Armitage. It does him little credit.] H. C. M.

FRAGMENT.

Mrs. RACHEL.—(looking off)—Well, there is no guessing who is who in these times. I should much sooner suspect that man of taking a purse than saving a life.

(Enter Leonard Tyrell.)

Mrs. RACHEL.—Bless me! sir! You are not going away in those wet garments! You'll catch your death.

LEONARD.—Heed not me. These limbs are too long used

To the rude change our sky delights in,
For taking count of rougher entertainment.

Would it be lacking courtesy to ask,
How he is named that, in this mansion,
Slippers his feet, and feels himself at home?

Mrs. RACHEL.—The elderly gentleman you saw within is Major Pelham.

LEONARD.—Pelham! The sound is new to me.

Mrs. RACHEL.—He is not the owner of the hall. The estate forfeited in the late rebellion, has been granted to his near relative, Sir Allan Rosbury.

LEONARD.—(starts)—Ha!

Mrs. RACHEL.—You seem to know him, sir.

LEONARD.—Know him! (Aside.)

I have heard his name before.

Mrs. RACHEL.—Dear me! dear me! I am gossiping here and forget that Miss Catherine may need my service. (Exit Mrs. Rachel.)

LEONARD.—(solus)—Rosbury here!—Here! In this house
That he has damned with infamy!

Here! in this garden, poisoned by his venom—
Till,—all its ancient roots torn up,

He now would call it *his*, and hope to live.

Fortune, I thank thee, and do take this token

As earnest of yet more. Give but occasion

That I may clutch him once, and it shall blot

From memory all thy harms; and be acquitment full

For every score between us. (Pauses and looks around.)

My childhood's home

I greet thee not as I was wont of old.

The air I breathe seems thick, and stuffed with thought

Of that which might have been, ranged against that which is.

The memory of our wrong is linked with sense

Of ill deserving, and the hot reproach

For their defeat who held my waywardness for law—

My wildest dreams but goals to strive for.

Brother in love, and kin, your early fall

But multiplies the sum of penalty

Exactable from him to whom our name

Owes its dishonour—and our house

The blasting desolation that has crushed it—

If, as by some 'tis thought, your ghosts

Do hover o'er the place ye loved in life,

Bear witness that my soul is now as fierce

And firm in its resolve, as when the wrong was fresh—

And all but vengeance withered from my sense:—

Away—some one approaches—Hie thee, Leonard,

Thy father's house can shelter thee no more!

(Exit Leonard.)

PUBLIC PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A PERIOD of some months has elapsed since a dramatic performance was undertaken by a society of amateurs, principally composed of individuals that had acquired more or less of celebrity as literary men. Among these, the name of Dickens was not the least in its attraction. Anxiety to compare the true personal appearance of these men with those already painted in their mind's eye, motived in the public such an extent of application to be admitted on this occasion, that hundreds were disappointed. The successful candidates spoke in raptures of the treat they had been enjoying, and the press itself was so pretty behaved, that a repetition of the performance was decided upon; but, that the useful might be mingled with the pleasant, advantage was taken of the state of the market, to put a high money price on the admissions, for the benefit of a public charity. This also was successful. The motive, charity, sanctified the means. The press praised more than ever. Even the amateur in red plush continuations, that carried off the arm chairs, was said to have executed what was entrusted to him in a style that would have done credit to a veteran scene-shifter. Added confidence produced another exhibition, and—well—why—there was a break down somewhere. The press was getting cross, and there were more than a few symptoms of saying the truth outright. It was even whispered that the jokers in Punch had been making Judies of themselves. Even the red plush hesitated; and we hoped the mania had become history; when, lo and behold! the disease has broken out in another quarter. An advertisement in the *Times* informs us that the *artists* have determined on an exhibition—not of pictures, but of themselves; and despising the timid example set them in the first instance by their illustrious prototypes, and prudently deciding that charity begins at home, they charge at once *liberally* for admission to the show, with the avowed intention of devoting the proceeds to the support of the institution with which they are themselves connected.

We confess to having been something excited when first informed of this intention. We had a vague notion of Mr. Etty's Romeo; a sort of glimmering of Mr. Turner's Hamlet; and a smoky outline of Mr. Pickersgill in Coriolanus; but these fancies did not last; they were put to flight by sober truth; and the naked nonsense of the proceedings stood unmasked before. In the name of decency and common sense, could not these parties have indulged their inclination for strutting their hour upon the stage,—a very blameless one, and a very amusing one (to the parties),—without compromising the profession of which they may happen to form a portion? Why should the word artist be introduced? Why should the society to which they belong, composed, as it is, of men in the middle ranks of life, be brought before the public as soliciting alms, or collecting subscriptions through its own members placed in a false position. To look at this undertaking in its proper light, we will suppose an exhibition of pictures painted by Messrs. Macready, Farren, Keeley, &c. for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund. There is an evident absurdity in the supposition. Equally absurd is the present attempt. Whether pecuniarily successful or not, has little relation with our censure. Whatever the institution may gain in money, it will lose in reputation. As for attraction as a performance, we are quite sure that no sufficient dramatic power is to be acquired without much more study than an artist devoted to his profession has time for bestowing on it; therefore, little

that is tolerable may be expected from those whose works have obtained them sufficient celebrity to become attractive as a public personal exhibition. We again protest against the connection of art as a profession with the unauthorized experiment of the individuals in question.

ITALIAN OPERA.

As the season is now approaching when this fashionable resort will again be thronged by its admirers, we will venture a few remarks on the prospects, although we may not possibly be able to put forth anything new. One thing, however, appears certain, and that is, the success in a pecuniary point of view; for in the article of stalls alone there is a demand for many more than there are, and both these and the boxes are already at a premium, so that everything looks well for an abundant pecuniary harvest. The Manager has also been actively engaged in catering for the amusement of the public, and in this, he has already achieved a triumph, for he has succeeded in alluring the veteran Rubini from his domestic retirement to make his last appearance for the seventh time, we believe—of course this cannot fail to prove a great source of attraction for the twelve nights of his engagements. Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, will no doubt resume their stations on these boards; there are some new engagements spoken of, among others, Signora Tadolini, who has created a sensation in Italy, as prima donna assoluta; the ballet will comprise the established favourites of this department, and if possible there will be a renewal of the *pas de quatre*, and Signora King is mentioned as a new Prima Ballerina. Mr. Lumley, no doubt, deserves credit for his past exertions, for instance, last year the *Pas de Quatre* was an achievement in managerial matters that possibly would never have taken place elsewhere, and there is no reason to expect any falling of attraction in the time to come.

There have been rumours afloat that Signor Costa retires from the conductorship of the orchestra. We are sorry for this; Signor Costa has now for 15 years or so, held this situation, and has given satisfaction to all parties; and we cannot think that any one will be found soon who will perform the task with so much tact and judgment; for it requires both in the management of the orchestra. Reasons have been assigned impugning the manager with the wish to assume a sort of dictatorial power not exactly agreeable to the other party; but not knowing the exact state of things it would be unfair to assume any story as the right. In conjunction with this rumour it is stated that Covent Garden will open soon with an Italian Opera Company, with Persiani as prima donna; Salvi, Tenor, and Tambourini, in which Signor Costa is to occupy the same situation he lately held at the other house. There appears to be ample room for the success of both undertakings, if we may judge from the numbers that went, and that were kept from going by the crowd, last season, and also from the present demand for the boxes and stalls, to which we have before alluded. With the names we have mentioned it will be a strong company, and, perhaps, may give some little uneasiness to Mr. Lumley, but no doubt the competition will be beneficial in the end, for it is only by opposition that the full energies are brought forward; we, therefore, anticipate a brilliant season for the musical world, and can only hope our expectations may not be disappointed.

One good we should wish to see as the result of two theatres open for operas, namely, that some new works may be produced, thus giving encouragement to the modern composers, who have met with nothing but second-hand encouragement in this country. For years past there has been no opera written expressly for

our Italian stage, except the *Malek Adel* of Sig. Costa. If we wish to be considered as patrons, we should at least show that we are capable of forming a judgment for ourselves, and of not always depending on a continental reputation as a necessary prelude to success here.

[Since writing the above, a letter has appeared in the papers written by Mr. Lumley to Signor Costa, in which it would appear that there has been a disagreement on two accounts; first, because Signor Costa insisted on having an opera of his own performed; and, secondly, because Signor Costa accepted the Conductorship of the Philharmonic. The quarrel, after all, is not of much consequence; if it leads to a separate Italian Company, it will benefit the musical profession at large,—and, therefore, the separation may turn out a cause of congratulation to the musical world—at least, such is our view of the matter, as we are decidedly opposed to any monopoly. Mr. Balfe has been appointed Signor Costa's successor.]

PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HULL.—Here we have a theatre possessing accommodation equal to most in the Metropolis. It is as large, perhaps larger, than that of the Haymarket; with a company possessing equal, and in many instances, superior talent to the drilled conventionalities of London. The performance we witnessed was "*Old Heads and Young Hearts*." The part of Tom Coke being well-acted by Mr. Pritchard, the Lessee; the straightforward, honest country squire suited him, and was played with great power and feeling. Littleton Coke, his brother, was an excellent personation by Mr. Holmes, an actor uniting with great judgment and ease of elocution, the advantages of a fine figure, an expressive countenance, and a rich manly voice. We have nothing like him in town. Mr. Thomson's Jesse Rural was in excellent good taste. Bob was played by Mr. Gommersal, Jun. with that satisfactory richness of comic humour, and avoidance of burlesque, that is so rarely observable in a low comedian. He is, and deservedly, a great favourite in Hull. The Alice Hawthorn of Miss Edwards was a pretty, graceful piece of acting, a little deficient in power. Among other members of this company, whose acting the season of Christmas with its pantomimes and burlesques, prevented us from witnessing, are Mr. Bruce Norton, and a young female tragedian, of whom we heard much mention during our short stay in Hull.

It has been asserted, that a gentleman of fortune, well known in the dramatic circles, with the intention of re-opening Covent Garden Theatre, applied to several of the theatrical agents, that they might furnish him with a company, who declared themselves incompetent for the task; that gentleman, therefore, concluding, as a consequence of such incapacity, that there was no sufficient talent at present in the market, has postponed his intention to a more favourable opportunity. When he is aware that a theatrical agent, like every other paid attorney, is only cognizant of ability that has given him a fee, and is registered on his books, he will suspect that his conclusion was a *non sequitur*; and, when he knows that no actor of talent, having a certain grade in his profession, will submit to the influence and exactions of these agents, their reply to his inquiry may be at once satisfactorily accounted for. Let that gentleman, if he have the capacity, and can rely on his own opinions, visit the provincial stage himself, use his own eyes and ears, watching for symptoms of dramatic capabilities, without losing sight of physical fitness, and judge for himself. If he can do this, he will find no dearth of talent. If he cannot do

this, he will, 'poor easy man !' while thinking himself manager, be a new instrument for perpetuating the same corrupt system to which the drama owes its existing degradation. Kembles and Keans may live and die among the provinces, without the means of estimating their own materials for excellence; for, after all, it is opportunity that makes the actor. Their brothers and sisters of the sock and buskin have so successfully adopted the close borough system to the London stage, that a chance for a provincial actor of an appearance, under average fair circumstances, is scarcely among their calculations. Among the tasks we have set ourselves, is that of an examination of the amount of talent at the principal town theatres.

REVIEWS.

"A Manual of the History and Science of Music."—*Craddock and Co.*

THIS is intended as a compendious treatise, to guide those "who wish to acquire a more extensive knowledge of the history of music." It is an exceedingly useful compilation, and one calculated to stimulate to further inquiry in the history and progress of the art. It is divided into three parts; the first entitled "the Progress of Music." This contains an account of the art from the early ages of the world down to the present time; from the Egyptian to that of Greece and Rome. Little, however, is really known; this part, therefore, is necessarily but a sketch, though well done; and, again, from the music of the early Christians, through all its phases, down to the production "Le Desert," of Felicien David,—the last piece that has created any sensation. Part II. comprises, "Music in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, from the earliest ages to the present time," and cannot fail to be interesting to all who take an interest in our national music. Part III. is a "Musical Guide for Singing and the Pianoforte, with an Appendix on the Theory of Sound." To that portion which relates to singing we have many exceptions to make, as containing assertions which are erroneous; but, as it is not written as a treatise on singing, we shall not enter more fully into our objections in this place, as it is our intention to treat of this subject soon; and we shall then show, that if the compiler had gone to proper authorities, he could not have erred as he has done, by confining himself principally to extracts from English masters. The Appendix on the Theory of Sound is too concise to be of much use. On the whole, however, the work is well worth perusal, and will give considerable insight into the history of the art, without the labour of wading through huge volumes, equally learned and uninteresting. Should any of our readers doubt the truth of this assertion, let them dip into any treatise on music, and they will be thankful to any one who will save them the drudgery of extracting the information that lies buried in these masses of musical lore.

"Pleasures of Poesy," by H. W. Haynes.—London: *E. Yates, Red Lion Street, Holborn.*

THIS little volume, dedicated to the Poet Laureate, contains much that is pleasing. The author, evidently a young man, evinces a good deal of poetic feeling: the Pleasures of Hope, and Memory, gave, probably, the idea of the subject—Pleasures of Poesy. We could quote, did our space allow, many passages of poetic spirit which are interspersed in the book, shadowing forth hope of future promise. The versification is smooth, but the sense runs too much from line to line. If Pope is to be considered as a model in this respect, the writers of the present day depart very much from his standard. In that great master the sense is contained in the sentence which is mostly confined to the metre. In these days great license is

taken, and the sense and sentences are carried on through the metre so long, that obscurity is the consequence. Of course it takes much trouble to overcome this fault, so easy to fall into; but those who aspire to fame must gird themselves to their task without shrinking, or the goal will never be gained. We merely give this as a hint.

"A Brief Exposition of the Sequential System of Musical Notation." By H. C. Lunn.

IN a former number of the Connoisseur, the Sequential System, as propounded by A. Wallbridge, has been noticed. We have since received this brief Exposition. On reading this, our opinion expressed has been confirmed:—strange that a system, which was intended to overturn the present, should, within a short year of its appearance, require a brief exposition! Why, this very attempt to bolster up the thing is its own condemnation. The old plan was assailed, as being a mass of unintelligible absurdities, and the new one, concocted expressly to root out the old root and branch, requires an exposition! Perhaps a little further consideration will convince both writer and expositor, who appear to be of the same kin, of the impracticability; they might as well attempt to re-model our a, b, c,—a task about as hopeless as that of doing away with the present musical notation.

DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

FRENCH PLAY, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The play-going public are indebted to the management of this theatre for having, in the person of M. Laferriere, introduced them to a reminder of what an actor may accomplish, when possessing youth, a fine person, a fitting temperament, an expressive countenance, a good judgment, and an artistic execution. M. Laferriere combines these rare qualities in a higher degree than any other actor that has fallen within our sphere of observation. He is one of those who can adopt his conception to the character, and delicately control the fire of his imagination within the bounds of his judgment. With intensity equal to any demand, he never allows it to run away with him, nor risks its value by its profusion. Equally prepared with the many other desired qualities in an actor, he does not ride his single horse to death. Thus does, from him, a burst of feeling, not surpassing, if it equals, in power one of Miss Cushman's exceedingly beautiful and finished specimens, of declamatory passion, come upon the audience with ten-fold effect; simply because it is a burst, receiving all its added force from contrast. We wish that our tragic actress would look more carefully to this quality. We call her ours, from having already forgotten that she is a foreigner. It seems to us so small a bound from what she does to that great excellence within her reach, that we shall not yet despair of seeing it accomplished.

We have seen M. Laferriere as Edmund Ramiere, in "Un Premier Amour," in which he had to represent an ardent youth of eighteen; and as Sir Bernard Harleigh, in "Elle est Folle," a character in ripe manhood; in both of which he was equally successful. Ten years ago we saw Volnys personate the latter character, of which, we believe, he was the first representative. Pre-occupied as we were by the impression left on our minds by that performance, M. Laferriere lost little, if any, by the comparison. His acting is so full of minute finish, as to rivet his audience to attention, without themselves perceiving the art by which they are attracted. Madame Albert has added her varied vivacity,

and delightful voice, to the allurements of this *bijou* of a theatre. That sound sterling actor, Cartigny, increases every season in public favour. Where can we look for more truth of personation than when he is on the stage, with his two eyes seeming ready to walk out of his face, to take a look at nothing at all, while their master is deeply considering some incomprehensible enigma. His Docteur Yollack is not to be surpassed.

We do not know who is the stage manager at this theatre, but there is no difficulty in perceiving that it is under artistic superintendence. The grouping and arrangements prove a complete understanding of the business of the scene, to be sought in vain on any of our national theatres.

The general theatrical business of this month has been so bare of novelty, we have scarcely a remark to make. The "Cricket on the Hearth," from the characteristic distinction of inventive resource, for which our managers are so celebrated, is acting everywhere; and, with the assistance of pantomimes and burlesques, is pacifying its respective audiences with a vague notion that they are intellectually enjoying themselves. There is one thing undeniable: the houses are filling everywhere. The Misses Cushman are going on with Romeo and Juliet till further notice, and Mr. Macready is to repeat his three characters of Othello, Lear, and Hamlet, to "crack of doom."

But Covent Garden is expected to re-open next season, and a new theatre is to be built in Leicester-square. There are reports that Mr. Buckstone is but the feeler in the business. The lease of a certain management is in *cadenza*, and the proprietor, anxious to try his own luck in these golden days for dramatic speculation, has refused to renew. This will, we think, produce some competition, to the benefit of the public. "A consummation most devoutly to be wished!"

THE TRUNK MAKER.

MUSICAL SUMMARY.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—PROMENADE CONCERTS.—It has been long a favourite theory with many that the English as a nation do not possess any real taste for good music; that they cannot appreciate what is commonly called classical music, but prefer, or in short, can only enter into or have any relish for Waltzes, Polkas, and other such light character of composition; and at no time was this opinion so strongly entertained by the professors of the art, as when these very Promenade Concerts were first introduced into this country.

At the time of their appearance those who held this theory were constantly crying out against our degenerate taste, in preferring light music to what in the cant of the art is called classical. It was common to hear philippics denouncing the encouragement given to these, seeing, as it was then thought, that the taste already supposed so bad would be still further debased by being presented with the food that precisely suited it, and the laudators of the good old times were seen with lengthened faces lamenting the calamity that they considered inevitable, when every production of the first masters of the art should be consigned to oblivion, and in their place be substituted what was thought only a fit accompaniment for the light fantastic toe.

The first season of the Promenade which was passed at the Lyceum was so highly successful that all who had entered into the speculation considered it would be a long, lasting, and profitable investment of what till then had only been set down to the account of waste time, that is from the closing of the

opera in August, until its resuscitation in the early part of the succeeding spring; but this turned out a delusion chiefly from two causes.—dissent within, and opposition without.

It could hardly have been expected that a speculation which promised so well should have been left without molestation in the hands of the originators, and the consequence was that a rival theatre opened its doors for the same species of amusement, and being larger and more commodious soon attracted, if not all, at least a great portion of the Promenading Public. This division, however, turned out to the benefit of neither party. It appears, notwithstanding the vast size of our metropolis, that there could not be found a sufficient number of promenading patrons to support the two speculations, and their consequent failure was the result. The classical theorists were now in raptures, thinking that the people would soon be won over to their ideas. The originators of the amusement, however, took a different view; namely:—as the people, as it turned out, had not been charmed by the voice of these charmers, they laid it down as a rule, that the great mass of the nation had no taste at all, and that it certainly would have been better for them to have admired the heretofore despised polkas and waltzes, rather than show a total want of all feeling or sympathy for the concord of sweet sounds.

Subsequent to this, an enterprising individual undertook to woo and win the willing throng; but, from some cause or other, he only failed in the attempt; and the delight of walking about, while music was being played at only the small charge of a shilling a-piece, seemed about to put an end to it for ever. At the time that this was the case with these concerts, it does not appear that others, whether old established, like the Ancient or Philharmonic, or only given as private speculations, were influenced by this style of performance. The Ancient, as implied by the name, adhering principally to the old school, were not likely to be interfered with in their department; the Philharmonic might perhaps have suffered from the opposition, for it became clear to all that the Philharmonic was not the only orchestra that could play even classical music; so that nothing could be predicted of the national taste, either by the success or failure of the promenade concerts, up to this time, except that the usual price (*viz.* 10s. 6d.) for the other Concerts was considered too high for the gratification of it.

But at length Mons. Jullien appeared, and at once rivetted the attention of the English public. It may be, that the extremely singular appearance he displayed; the flowing locks; the graceful subaruated whisker; the white kid gloves, combined with very energetic action; all lent their assistance in gaining the public sympathy—more especially the ladies. A revulsion took place in the state of things. Instead of a few stragglers, who were to be found at the last attempts at these promenades, night after night the house was crowded; the listless loungers, who latterly had ample room for themselves and their perambulations, were now "cabined, cribbed, confined," to one solitary spot; sufficient standing room being all that could be procured. Some came to look—some to laugh; but at length they came to listen; for the people found there was something worth listening to. The band played well—exceedingly well; and the music was sufficiently diversified to take in a numerous class of hearers. There were not wanting, however, some detractors, who attributed the attraction to the then outre appearance of the conductor. This, however, could not long prove attractive; nor could it be ascribed to the novelty of the thing. We must, therefore, ascribe it to what

appears to us to be the real cause: namely,—that Mons. Jullien was an able conductor, and produced from the orchestra better playing than was heard elsewhere. If any one should be disposed to doubt this, we only ask them to put in his place one of the Philharmonic conductors—*fiat experimentum*—and Hyperion to a satyr the thing would turn out a miserable failure.

Mons. Jullien has given since, annually, a series of concerts, and with increased powers of attraction, judging from the crowded houses. This season, too, he has shown that he not only can conduct waltzes and polkas, but that he is at home in classical music. And to him we owe a vindication of our national musical character from a stigma of want of taste that has been cast upon it. He has proved that the English public are to be attracted by the works of great masters; and this brings us to notice—

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.—Judging from all accounts, the late affair at Bonn was in every sense a failure; and, therefore, it may have been considered hazardous to attempt, in this country, a very modified affair of the same description. The event has, however, justified the attempt; and in so doing has vindicated the national character for appreciation of good music. If waltzes, polkas, and light music were all that was agreeable to an English ear, this must have been unsuccessful. But what has been the case? The festival was announced, and became instantly a source of attraction; this was shown, not only by the crowds that nightly came to hear the classical music, but by the increased attention that was paid to the performance; for, wonderful to relate, the promenading was suspended; the people stood still and listened attentively; and many of the pieces of music were encored. This, we think, has been a sufficient test; and proves that the English can appreciate music, not only of a light character, but also what is considered as of the highest order. And, notwithstanding, the remarks of some ill-natured critic, that had the orchestra gone by Mons. Jullien's baton, the consequence would have been total anarchy, we boldly say that the music was never played so well at the Philharmonic. Nothing but ignorance could have dictated the observation; for the writer ought to have known, that the conductor's great utility is at the rehearsals: and it may be generally presumed, that music well played, has received the careful attention of the conductor at rehearsals. We have several times discussed this post, and its importance; and we must refer our readers to previous numbers for our opinions. We will only repeat here what we conceive to be due to Mons. Jullien—that in this situation he may be ranked as equal to the best of his contemporaries.

ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.—We went one evening to the Hanover-square Rooms, with the expectation of hearing some national effusions, some peculiarities of song, appertaining to this curly-headed, dingy-coloured race of man. In this, however, we were doubly disappointed; for, in the first place, they were not original “niggers,” but made up for the occasion—black only as to the face and hands; and, in the second place, the music was not at all of an Ethiopic character, but consisted of old English airs harmonized, and parodies of more modern productions; and yet we did not regret going, notwithstanding this disappointment; for we were very much amused. The Serenaders are five in number; two playing the banjo, one the common accordion, another the bones, and, though last, by no means the least, a tambourine player, who acted the part of leader and spokesman, giving out the pieces that were to be performed in succession, in some quaint nigger perversions of the English vernacular. There was much pan-

tomime action introduced, suited to the subjects of the songs; the bone and tambourine players, in particular, performed some very strange antics, which excited the risible faculties of the audience. The songs harmonized for four voices were really sung exceedingly well, and with much expression. On the whole, the performance is monotonous; but still it is pleasing and amusing; and we do not think any one will regret paying a visit to these negro representatives, four of whom, we were told, were Americans, and the fifth a hero from the Emerald Isle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRAMATIC GATHERINGS.—Dennis, (everybody knows Dennis; Pope has immortalized him) was always at war with the stage and actors. It is not in our day merely the literary portion of the community have assumed superiority over every other description of talent. Dennis may be considered their organ on this occasion, and we will quote one of his effusions from a pamphlet attacking Sir John Edgar, then (1740,) manager of Drury Lane theatre, not altogether for its plain announcement of this superiority, but as containing at the end a description of the stage at that period in some measure resembling its state at the present.

“I defy any one to name so much as one great actor of my time who had had a generous education, nor do I know of one great actor since the establishment of the stage in England who had extraordinary parts. Shakspeare had great parts, but was not a great actor; Otway and Lee had both education and parts, but they were wretched actors, which soon obliged them to quit the stage. There cannot be a more certain sign of the meanness of actors' capacities than their being the worst judges in the world of the very thing about which they are eternally employed.

“I would have good actors, as long as they are inoffensive, esteemed and encouraged as actors, that is, as the tools and instruments, and machines of the muses; as the apes of the poet's meaning, and the echoes and parrots of his voice. But, if they dare to grow insolent; if they behave themselves like beggars on horseback, and not only ride furiously as soon as they are up, but endeavour to ride over those very persons that the moment before mounted them, they ought to be used like Indians that run a-muck, or like dogs who run mad.”

It is clear by great parts honest Dennis would say a talent for literary composition. Now is it not strange it never struck him that his argument cut both ways, and that literary men might have been reproached on his own showing, that the very best of them made wretched actors; particularly as Otway, in spite of his parts, died literally for want, at a time when dramatic talent was liberally remunerated. The amount of the whole is, that it takes the life of man, and the condensation of all his energies to do one thing well; though, the universal motive for exertion being reward, he who devotes his energies to that in which reward is highest may best assume to have neglected other less remunerative employments. But we know no degrees of rank connected with departments. The obstacles to progress, after a certain eminence has been passed, is pretty much the same in all the directions that men's energies and fitness may have urged them to seek distinction.

DIED lately at Paris, Chrétien Urban, *premier alto* at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. He was an artist of consummate ability, and held in high esteem by musical people. Small, deformed, and invariably habited in a sky-blue

coat, and dining every day at the same table, in the *Cafe Anglais*, Urban was a well-known original: but the most remarkable distinction in his character was an excess of religious devotion, the forms of which he followed with scrupulous exactness, to the extremes of minuteness. He went to mass every day in the week, and on the Sunday was present during every ceremony. Each evening he carried a book of piety with him to the orchestra of the Opera, which he read in with attentiveness, whenever for an instant permitted to discontinue the use of his bow. It may be asked, how it happened that so devout a person should have engaged himself in a theatre? It was to him a matter of continued regret; but he could not choose. Urban had, at first, consecrated his talent to religious music only; but his reward not having afforded him the means to live, necessity compelled him to become dramatic. While musician to the theatre, he employed the entire resources of his mind in reconciling his spiritual craving with his new position; and, when accompanying the song or the dance upon his violin, he remained an entire stranger to all that passed upon the stage, either as to its splendours or its seductions. It was with him a point of conscience to keep his head resting upon his breast, and his eyes continually attached either to the book of music or the book of prayer. No temptation was sufficient to betray him to dereliction of this self-imposed duty, the slightest infraction of which he considered a sin of magnitude. Never were his eyes directed above the foot-lights, attracted by the arched instep and the rounded limb of the dancer, during the most vivacious of *pirouettes* or sustained of *entrechats*. He had, at all times, a holy horror of such abominations. This is no ideal overcharge. It is literally exact, that Urban passed many long years in the orchestra of the French Opera without once looking on the scene. On one occasion, in society, he was addressed by a young and pretty woman, who spoke to him as one well known, and gracefully complimented him on his talent.

"Who is that lady?" asked Urban of the master of the house.

"What! don't you recognize her?"

"I never saw her before."

"Nonsense! look again."

"I may look again and again; but I assure you this is the first time I ever saw her."

He asserted a fact; and it was necessary to name Madame Dorus, whom he saw indeed for the first time, although he had accompanied her singing for the ten previous years. Urban did not know any of the actors' faces; and he knew as little of the pieces as he did of the actors. He took every precaution against giving the slightest attention to those works of Satan. The pious meditations in which he was incessantly plunged, prevented him from listening to the words of the lyrical drama. Many modern works have exhibited on the stage the pomps and ceremonies of the Roman church: Urban considered such liberty a profanation, and trembled when religious music was given by a dramatic chorus. On one evening, when a procession was passing across the stage, he was seen to throw himself on his knees in the orchestra, make the sign of the cross, and pray with his hands joined, as if he had been in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

His last illness overtook him when he had decided on finishing his life in a monastery; and he was not permitted to accomplish a design which promised to him unalloyed felicity. He is dead; leaving behind the remembrance of

one with excellent vision, who, for five-and-twenty years, had not missed a single representation at the Opera; and yet had never seen acted either "Guillaume Tell," "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Juive," "La Sylphide," or "La Giselle;"—of a musician of the Opera, each evening faithful to his post for twenty-five years, and with excellent eyes in his head, who had never looked upon either Falcon, Nourrit, Taglioni, Stoltz, Duprez, or Carlotta Grisi, nor any other singing or dancing divinity whatsoever.

CHARLET is dead!—The *Salvator Rosa* of the Napoleon Banditti lives now but in the reflection of those popular types that have immortalized the picturesque characteristics of "La France Militaire" of the age gone by. Charlet lived among his mode's. Surrounded by those veterans whose youth and manhood his crayon had reproduced with such spirit and fidelity; the table of the *guinguette* beyond the *barriere* was frequently his easel. There would this, the most remarkable among the artists of his epoch, arrest at once the peculiarities of the passing time, and reduce the feared agent of the turbulent past, to be the subject of quiet contemplation, in the peaceful future. The empire of the sword has had his day in Europe. Generally recognized community of advantages among the family of man, consequent on continually increasing facility of intercourse, has raised up barriers against mere ambition, that each succeeding year will strengthen. The Old Guard belongs already to the dark ages. A singularity of Charlet was his devotion to the National Guard. Entering the citizen militia a simple private, he rose rapidly to the rank of captain, and was an excellent representation of the military appearance he loved to paint.

POETRY.

TO AN OLD HARPSICORD.

By ROBERT SNOW, Esq.

Well, let them jeer at thee who know no better;
I boast, wronged instrument, to be thy debtor.
"May the night never come, the day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice, or mock thy mien."
Though to thy case no craftsman's hand imparts
Th' exquisite polish of Parisian marts;
Though each ball-nymph protests, 'twould sadly baulk her
To hear thee struggling at a valse or polka;
Thee, who wast with straight-laced sonatas battered,
When belles in hoops by beaux in wigs were flattered:
Yet do thy quaint, prim keys, in triple row,
Each over each, like shrines of music show,
And much I love their touch, that seems to crush
The soul of music out, and make it gush
Like luscious blood of grapes, where wine-presses are lush.
But in this railway-reign of piano-forte
There is no taper hand or arm will court ye:
Whence,—id through spoiler Time,—'t is now for thee
To sound the bass-string of humility;
And down thy being's scale hast nearly run.
Yet was it thou—or of thy brethren one—
That glowed 'neath Handel's fingers, tipped with fire;
And I see figured in thy quills and wire
The classic plectrum, and Apollo's lyre.

Our Illustration of this month is a Portrait of RAPHAEL, from a Portrait by himself, and drawn on stone by Mr. H. C. Maguire.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.

Ballad—"They tell me of his humble lot." Words by A. M. E.—Music by Miss H.

N.B.—All Contributions not accepted, are left at the Office of THE CONNOISSEUR, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them by post, mistakes having in consequence already occurred.

COMPOSED BY LOUIS LEO.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for piano (p) and features a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with occasional chords and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

A charm hangs o'er thee mai - den fair, To thee perchance un known; Like

Sempre leg:

some soft spirit of the air: Its pow'r my heart must own — And

yet no link of love's fond chain, Can e'er our hearts en - twine; Thou

Slen;

art a - bove me 'tis in vain: Thou never never canst be mine. — Thou

3

ad lib: 8

ne--ver canst be mine.
colla voce

2nd VERSE.

The spell is o'er me mai--den dear, My heart must e....ver feel; And

tho' 'twill cling till life is sere: Yet I may ne'er re.....veal, And

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theu will be like yon bright star, A bea- con light to me; I.

Slan:

gaze and tho' a...bove so far My spi rit soars to thee My

spi....rit soars to thee.

